

# GREEN BOOK

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# Editorial

Nearly three hundred years ago, John Donne proclaimed, "No man is an island, entire of itself." This is still true today. It is impossible for man to live entirely to himself. He interacts with God, with others, with his world, and with ideals. And these interrelations form ripples in the pool of life.

Man can be compared to a stone, which, when dropped into a pool, causes ripples to flow from it. By no will or force of its own can the stone prevent the ripples from forming, just as no man can prevent his influence from being felt.

But the kind of ripple formed, the kind of influence spread, depends on the kind of stone dropped, the character and personality of the individual. And as each stone is different from every other stone, causing different kinds of ripples, so each person is different from every other person, relating in a different manner to the forces outside him.

The freshman year of college is for many their first experience of being thrown into the pool of life. This 1971 Greenbook is an account of a few ripples that have been formed, influences that have been spread, as freshmen have interacted with life and its forces.

Estelle Osterhout



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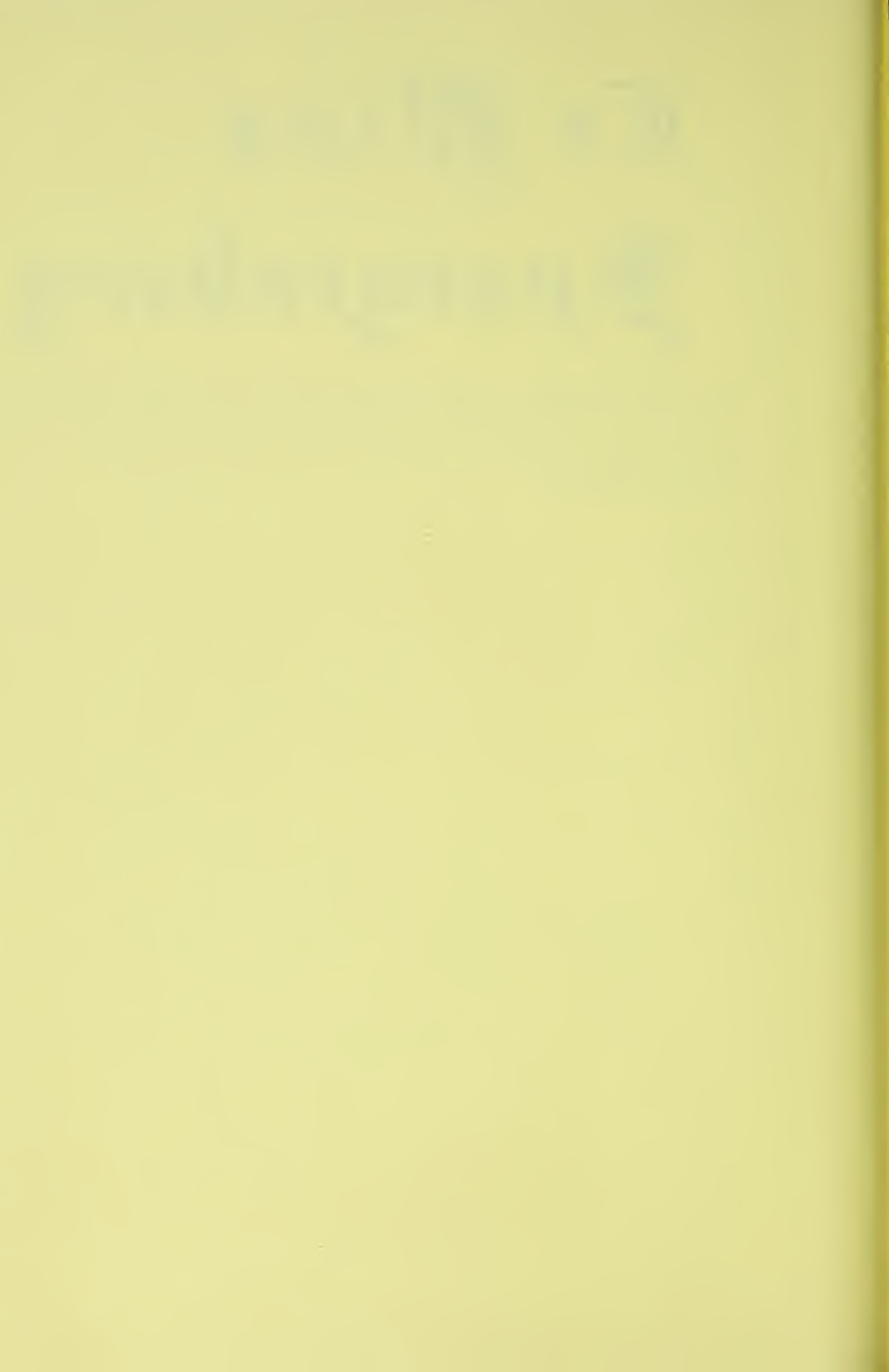




# To Miss Spangenberg

For her loving Christian concern, her encouragement, understanding, inspiration and assistance, we on the staff extend our deepest thanks to our advisor,  
Miss Alice Spangenberg.





# Dedication

To one who has been described as "one of the greatest morale-building  
on campus,"

To one whose radiant smile is a constant source of encouragement,

To one whose sense of humor has brightened many days,

To one about whom it is nearly impossible to speak for very long without  
talking about Christ,

To one whose compassion has helped many through difficult situations,

To Miss Marian Janes the freshman class gratefully dedicates this 1971  
Greenbook.



**MAN'S  
INTERACTION  
WITH  
GOD**





# Daughters of Jerusalem

Daughters of Jerusalem, don't you weep for me.

Are you all blind yourselves--can't you even

see exactly what it is I'm trying to do?

How am I going to get through to you?

How can I go up there and die

If I can't even stop and ask you why?

Daughters of Jerusalem, my time is past.

Like me you'll soon be gone---you cannot

last. There is no way to stop your fate--

listen--before it is too late.

There is no way I can help you--until

you're certain what you'll do.

Mark Houston







# Blueprints and Bridges

A blueprint is a drawing which sets a bridge on paper. Generally a blueprint, in its entirety, contains all the data necessary for the construction and completion of the bridge. The blueprint will include such information as cost, specifications for material and tolerances that will be allowed.

But there is a world of difference between a set of blueprints and a gleaming span of steel and concrete stretching across the narrows or across the straits. A difference in time expended, a difference in commitments undertaken, and a difference in cost. The greatest difference of all is the difference in its usefulness to mankind. No one has ever crossed a river on a blueprint.

It seems that some Christians deal in blueprints, while others deal in bridges. The simile between the temporal and the spiritual is evident. A difference in time spent in the Lord's work, a difference in commitments carried to completion, a difference in the cost of Christian discipleship. And the greatest difference is the usefulness to God and our fellowman.

A consent to obey God's command is nothing more than the acceptance of a divine blueprint. If the blueprint is left unattended it will gather dust and will soon be lost and forgotten. There is as much difference between consenting to God's will and implementing his will as there is between a blueprint and a bridge. Some Christians never get beyond the spiritual blueprint.

Recently, I consented to what I thought to be the will of God. I felt it to be the will of God to change pastorates. This change involved a move of more than 800 miles. To be frank and honest, it was easy for me to consent to the move, after I had prayed and felt that I knew the mind of God in this matter. This was the blueprint.

Eventually the day arrived when it became necessary for me to implement and carry out what I had said I would do. This was the bridge and I had to build it from the divine blueprint. As I look back I can see how an architect of necessity, involves many other people in his work. People of varied crafts, skills and abilities are required to complete the actual work.



Likewise, God involved others in my work. My friends, my children, and my wife; how hard it was to say goodbye. We wept many miles together as we started to the new place of service. Upon arriving, there was the struggle of adjusting to new surroundings, new schools and new friends.

This was the bridge God had designed. How wonderful the grace that gave me the courage to accept it for my life. But how much more wonderful and marvelous the power of God that enables me to build what he has planned for my life.

Someone may ask: "Is it worth all the trouble, and time?" The answer is yes! Eternity alone will reveal just how much worth it is. Is the Golden Gate worth? Is the mighty Mackinac worth it? If you want to get to the other side they are worth the time, the cost and the trouble to build them.

The next time God gives you a blueprint remember that there are blueprints and there are bridges. Men use bridges and so does God. You can make a bridge from his blueprint. It may surprise you how many people will use your bridge to cross from the darkness of sin into the light of salvation.

*Adrian Keeton*

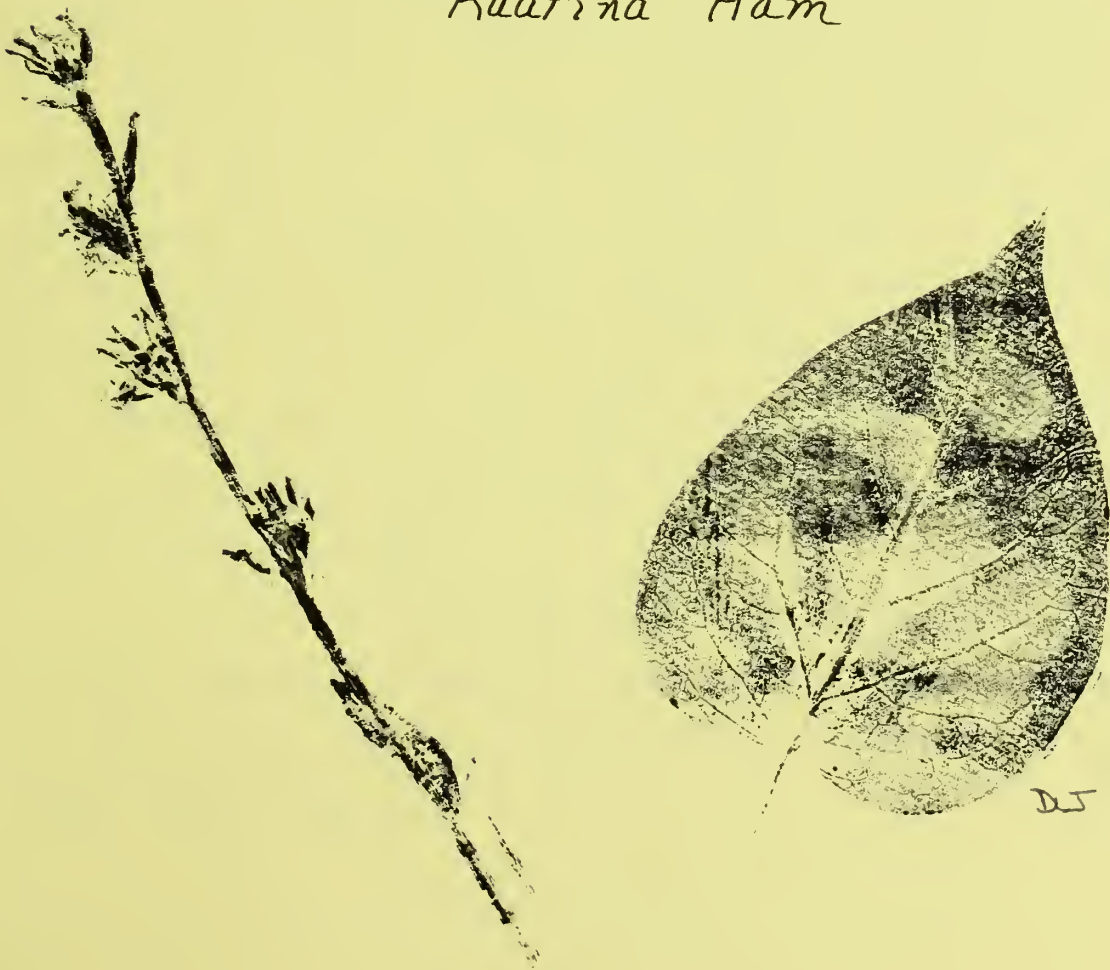


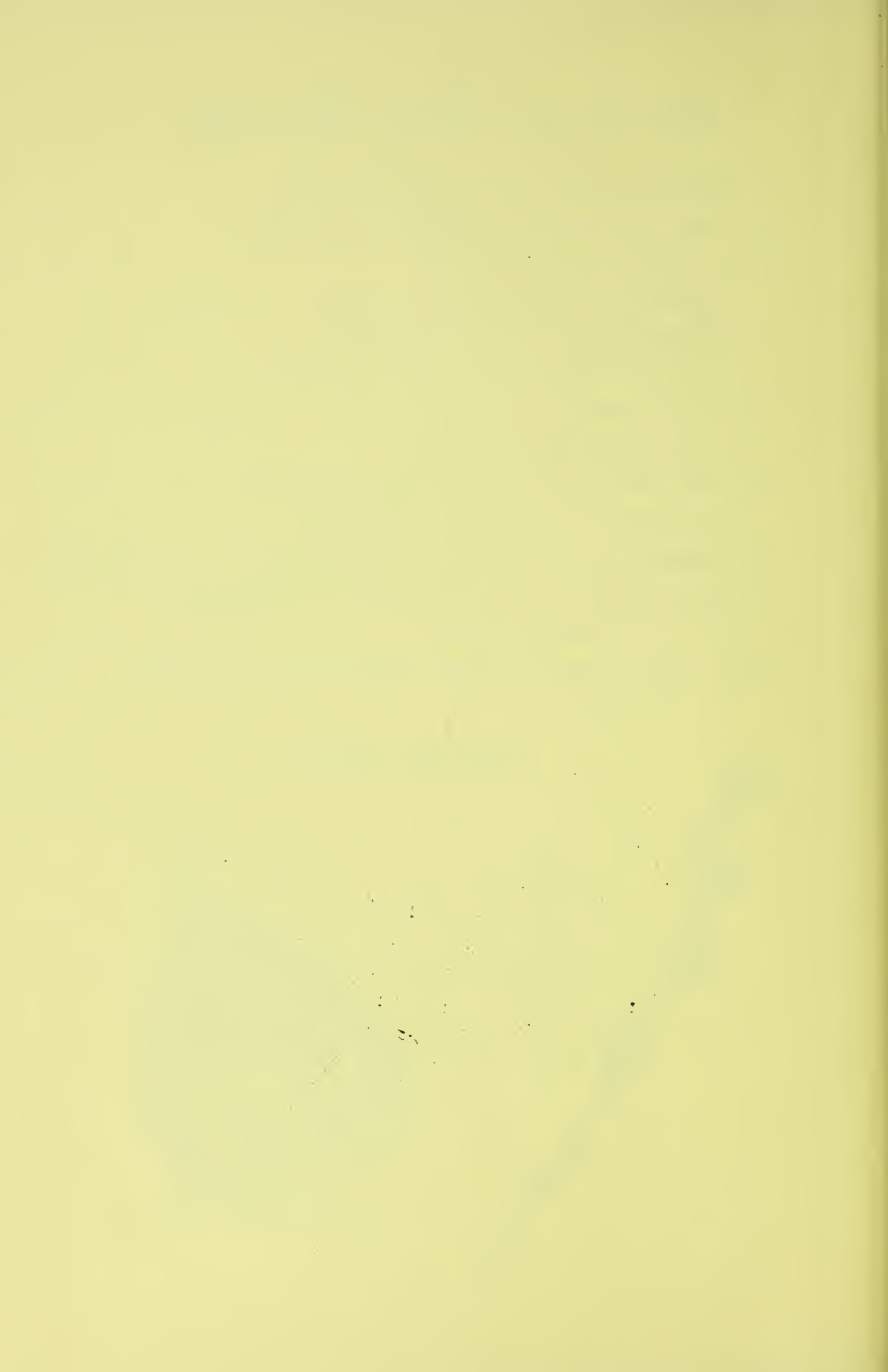


# His Great Glory Reversed

In calm did the clouds assume a dreaded, drear degree  
despite hopes that sprang refreshing, roaming merrily.  
The intentions of earth's aging merit  
rifted down, their new generations to inherit.  
Amid sparkling ideas and approaching realities,  
the fear of self-destruction counted its casualties.  
The world to stagnation was betrayed  
by the deceiving idols it had made.  
The Maker looked around, seeing His great glory reversed;  
the alternative forced from Him a dreaded curse:  
For misgivings had led to weak deception--men had claimed material perfection.  
Declining spiritual aid, they continued in blind self-betterment,  
never free of ignorant resentment.  
Their destiny was confining tyranny, when all He would have required  
was loyal company.

Kaarina Ham







# "I Didn't Even Get a Drink"

Going home from vacation was never a very happy time for me. Spending sixteen hours confined to the back seat of the car on a hot Sunday afternoon was not my idea of fun. And to think that when I got back I would have to begin school. . . The only consolation for those of us who travel in the back seat is that we can stop at the rest stops to walk around and get a drink.

When Dad passed the last rest stop, I got pretty upset and really made a fuss. "O.K., O.K., we'll stop at the next service area... We need gas, and we can all get something to drink."

This service area has a funny Indian name and had a bridge over the Thruway that you could cross if you wanted a meal. Dad brought the car to a stop, and as the doors opened, I squeezed out. We would stay on our side of the Thruway where the gas station, bathrooms, and machines were. I ran towards the door of the building with my hands in my pockets, searching for coins, only taking them out to open the door.

"Stevie. . . oh. . . Stevie." I stopped--somebody was calling. Stevie. . . oh. . . ." Next to the ice-cream machines on the right, there was a group of people huddled around the floor. I stumbled over by the drink machines on the left and watched. I found myself grasping a newspaper stand for security. "Stevie, Stevie. . . ."

When I got back to the car, my mother had finished walking Pierre.

"Something's wrong in there. Some lady is on the floor crying, and she's calling my name."

I stayed behind Mom and Dad as they walked into the place where the machines were. Dad went right over and said he was a doctor. Then he got on his knees next to the little boy, trying to make him breathe again. But he couldn't.





The lady who had been crying and calling my name was holding her mouth with her hands, and there was a man beside her. I stood by my mother, watching.

Through the blue letters on the glass door I saw a red and white ambulance stop, and I stood by the door as that little boy rolled out past me with his eyes closed. My dad and the lady and man went, too.

Mom tried to explain what happened. She said that the little boy was dead, and that Daddy had to go to the hospital with them. I wished he hadn't gone. I didn't even want to look over at that ice-cream machine where the lady cried.

We went over the bridge across the Thruway. People over there didn't know anything had happened. They just looked at those souvenir post cards of New York in color, and the rest of the gifts that had "New York Thruway" printed on them.

Dad wasn't back after we crossed the bridge again, so Mom suggested that I walk Pierre. I really used to think that dogs were all like those on Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color" who you talk to and they understand. I talked to Pierre, and all he did was keep pulling on the leash.

A nice old man who was my Sunday School teacher once visited our house and asked me if I'd ever given my heart to Jesus. I told him I did the time the little boy died. I guess it was because I was scared crazy after seeing that little boy named Stevie roll past me out to the ambulance with his eyes closed.

Dad came back in the red and white ambulance. I was pretty quiet as we walked out towards the car. Dad was telling Mom what happened as I squeezed in the back seat again. Then we drove away from the service area with the Indian name where the bridge crosses the Thruway. I didn't even get a drink.

Stephen Jones



# How Great Is God?

Great enough to make the ocean,  
Great enough to fill the sea,  
Great enough to give redemption,  
But small enough for you and me.

Great enough to build the mountains,  
Great enough the rains to send,  
Great enough to tend the flowers,  
But gentle enough to guide the wind.

Great enough to send the eagle  
Soaring through the sky,  
Great enough to watch the sparrow,  
Yet caring enough for you and I.

He's great enough to send the world  
Spinning in creation,  
Yet loving enough to send His Son  
That we might know Salvation.

Debbie Fader





# One, Two

Phil Heckman

one, two

who are you?

a number, you see;

just like me!

why am I all

alone

when in a crowd I stand?

expressionless faces, deaf ears,

nobody cares--I don't understand.

I'm told about God in heaven

above,

about one who is here to care and love.

but why is there war, pain, hate, and strife?

why is there no mean<sup>i</sup>ing to my l f ?

and why are there those who visit your house,<sup>e</sup>

and say they call upon your

name,

yet show no love six days a week?

they put on masks and play the hypocrite game!

god, these things just aren't right in My head.

god, I wonder. are you

dead?

one, two

who are you?

not a number to Me!

I do Care and Love, if you'll see.

my son, look around and tell Me how

such Beauty and Design came to be.

the flowers, mountains, winds, and stars

can't just have happened naturally.

I'm here! I dwell not in houses of wood and sand.

I'm close! My Footprints can be seen throughout the land

anywhere one man stoops to help another;





anywhere every man, black or white, is called a brother.

my son, seek Me with all your heart, and not your head.

my son, try Me and see if I am really dead!





# Candle      Mark Houston

Candle, candle, burning bright  
in the stillness of the night--  
dispel the darkness of this blight.  
Shine your light on me.

If I stunble, let me fall--  
I can listen, you can call.  
My back is up against your wall.  
Shine your light on me.

I am frightened of the night  
and of what happened and of what might  
and I'm so scared and it's not right.  
Shine your light on me.





# To Know More

I met with someone the other day,  
a man who understood me in a way.  
He seemed a good listener,  
so I talked quite a while,  
and I admit, I used no guile.

I told him everything,  
my problems, my fears.  
I almost found myself in tears.  
I'd never confessed my thoughts before,  
but he wanted to listen, I was sure.

I talked and talked about my life,  
the lack of peace and the constant strife.  
Oh, I said a lot and complained even more,  
when suddenly he asked me  
what I was seeking for.

This stopped my chatter  
and I paused to see  
if perhaps he was only teasing me.  
But his smile was so real with true concern,  
that more of his love I wanted to learn.

So he sat down with me  
and started to talk  
about my life and a closer walk.  
Soon the pieces began to fit,  
I found there was really no need to quit.

He taught me of love  
and genuine caring,  
how through his children



a kingdom he's preparing.

His offer was something I needed to try--

to say I didn't want it would be a lie.

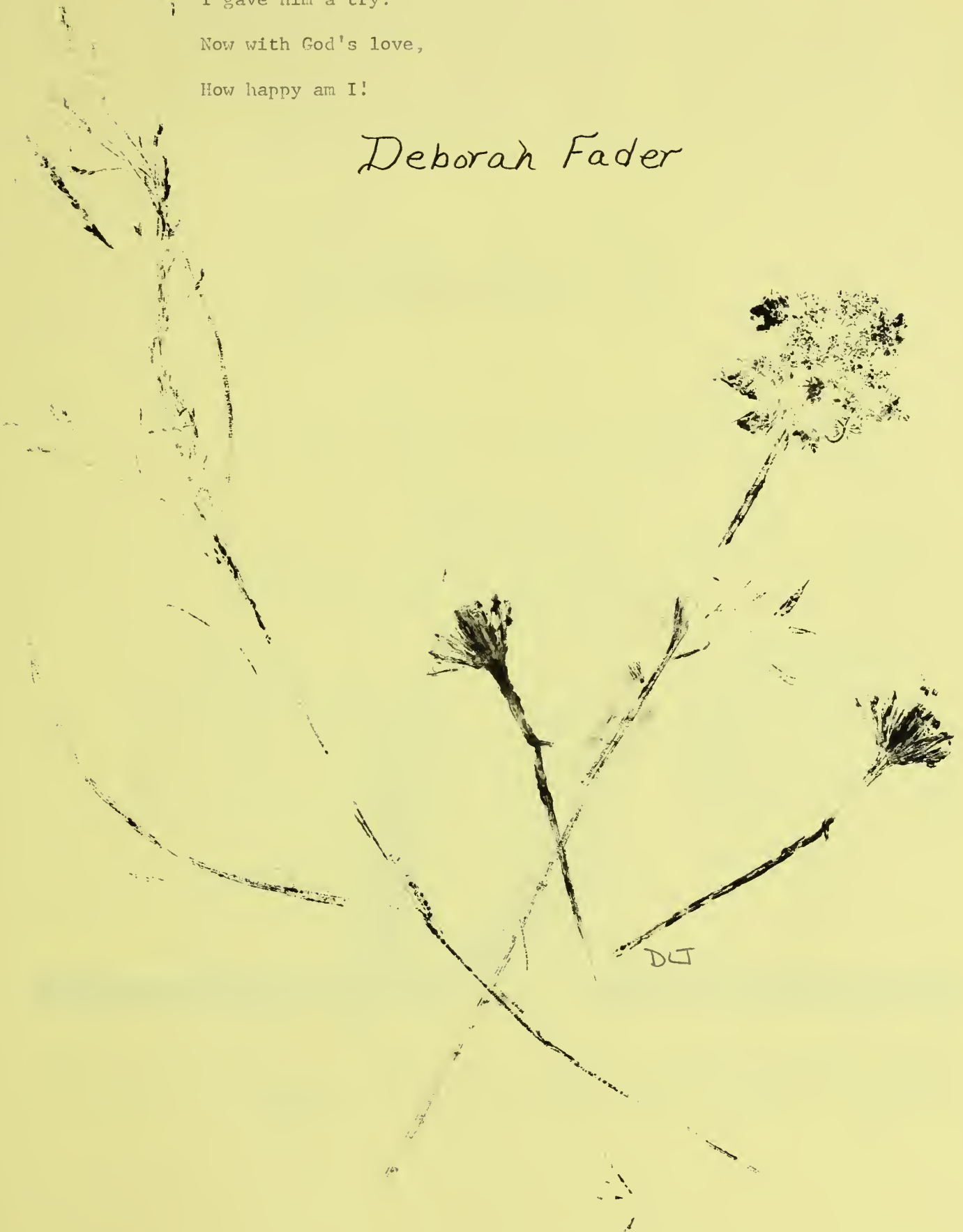
So I did what he told me--

I gave him a try.

Now with God's love,

How happy am I!

*Deborah Fader*







# Hey, God      mark Houston

Hey, God.

They got garbage in the alley

And I'm standing on the corner again.

Sick city.

We should be scared--

frightened witless

but we're not.

It stinks in here.

Yeah, but they're people too.

Hey God.







***in his  
interaction  
with***



DLT+DM



# Afterward

Elden Carnahan

(I don't even know why I'm coming up here. I know I won't be able to eat anything. I see I'll be the first one in line, too. Figures.)

"Yes, I know it's snowing. What do you expect in the middle of January? . . . Big deal! It's been snowing for the last five weeks."

(Funny. Five weeks ago I welcomed it. It was a refreshing change of pace, slithering and slipping in that strange element. Now it's just another hateful reminder, an insidious whisper of what was and what would have continued to be if it hadn't been for--I'm losing my place in line.)

"Eleven-thirty. It always opens at eleven-thirty. We've been here four months, and you can't remember when the lunch line opens. You remind me of my brother."

My brother. I wonder how he would have handled this. He probably wouldn't have gone this--I must be losing my mind, wondering what he'd do, as if--)

" 'Bout time this line moved. I was beginning to work up an appetit , even. All these jerks cutting line, though."

(Seems I'm always getting shoved out of line up here. I wonder if that might be indicative of--oh brother, don't start psychoanalyzing yourself. Don't ruin what little brain you have left. You've got an overpowering imagination as it is.)

"No knives. There's never any knives. What've we got here? Hot dogs and beans or--gimme a napkin--hot dogs and beans or pancakes. Splendid. Guess I'll have to fill up on brownies and jello."

(Oh, come on, what's the hold-up? All that commotion for hot chocolate. Hot chocolate--I remember how we almost Southern-fried our tongues with that stuff in the Dug-Out after that walk by the beach. Those were the days. . . I don't think that checker knows my number.)

"Seven--"

(Apparently she doesn't care either. Hump. Lot of that going around. . . No glasses either, wouldn't you know. Oh well, if I can't eat, I won't need to





drink.)

"No, I don't want to sit over there--you should know that by now."

(Nice kid, but not too bright. I've got some pride left. If that's the way she wants it to be, I'm not going to make it uncomfortable for either of us.)

"Who wants a hot dog? Anybody want a hot dog? I hate boiled hot dogs."

(Couldn't eat it if it was a Porterhouse steak. My God! I've just seen a friendship that I had struggled desperately to establish and preserve strangled before my very eyes by causes that I cannot understand! I loved her more than the next breath I draw, and this had to happen! IS THIS ANY TIME TO BE THINKING ABOUT BOILED HOT DOGS???)

"No, I'm okay. It just slipped out of my hand, that's all. Sorry about the mustard. It should wash out. . ."

(I'd better eat something. I haven't touched food for nineteen hours. Gotta keep my strength up. . .These brownies have petrified. Not surprising. Everything else has gone wrong. What's one broken tooth?. . .Still snowing.)

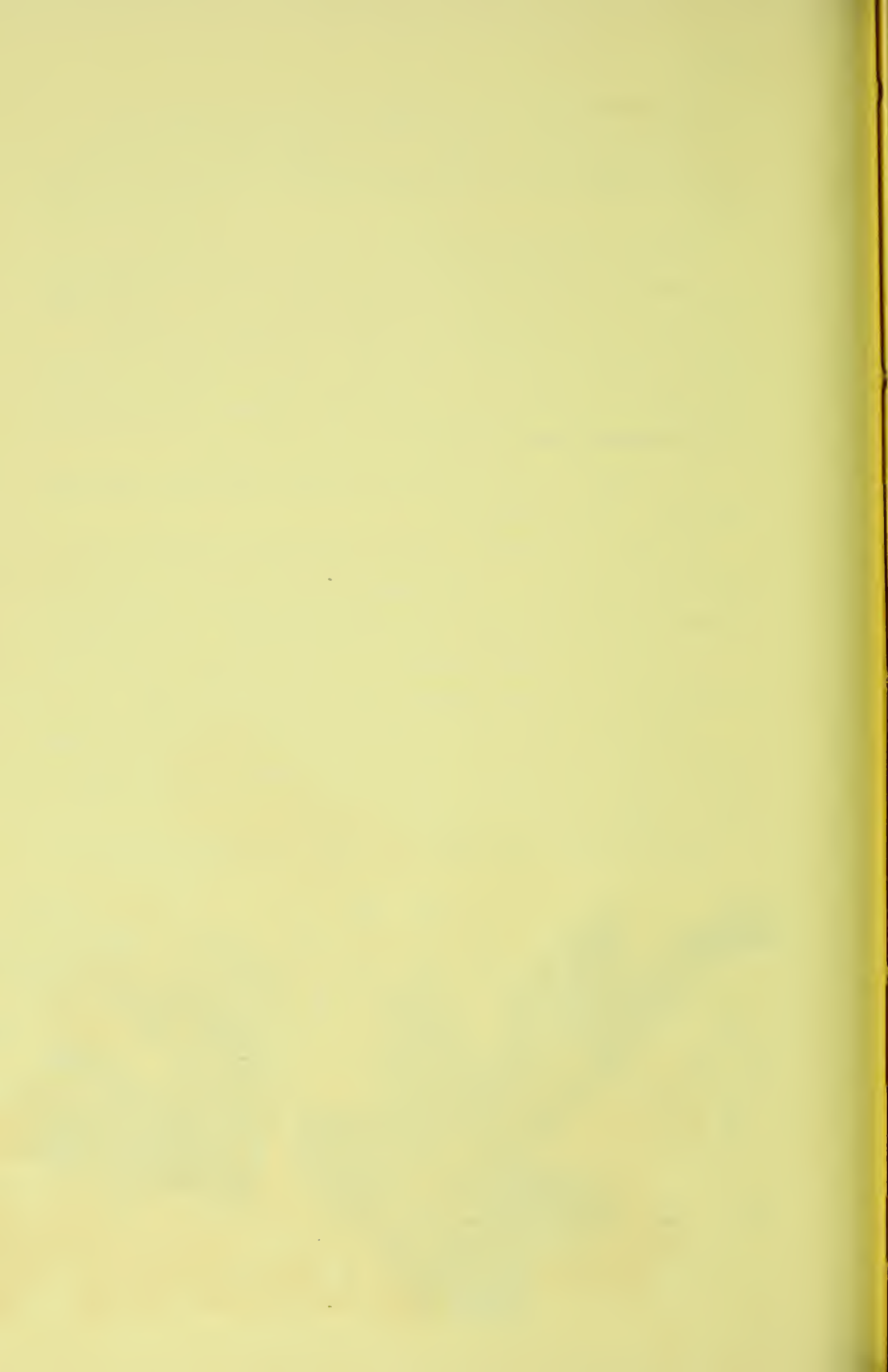
"Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't listening. Got a lot on my mind, you know. No I'm hungry, but I can't force anything down. You know how it's been. . .I. . ."

(I gotta put a stop to this. I didn't get to sleep until four last night, and then I woke up every hour. . .They say it's possible to die of a broken heart. I think I prefer that to starving, though.)

"What? Oh, you're absolutely right. There's always room for jello."







# Friends are Ours to Love

We must not dwell on what friends might have been,  
But praise them for what they desire to be.  
And we must not condemn them for the good they planned--  
But did not make reality.  
Nor view too harshly errors they may make,  
Or all the fruitful chances they let rot,  
Nor look too closely at the faults they have,  
Or see the flaws in work that they have wrought.  
And when they stand upon the path of folly,  
And in their stubbornness refuse to budge,  
Shield them, if we can, from their just desserts,  
For friends are ours to love, not judge!

Donna Marcia





# Love was Lost

Love was lost  
at such a cost,  
but nobody complained.

They wondered why  
it had to die,  
while hate still remained

## It was for me

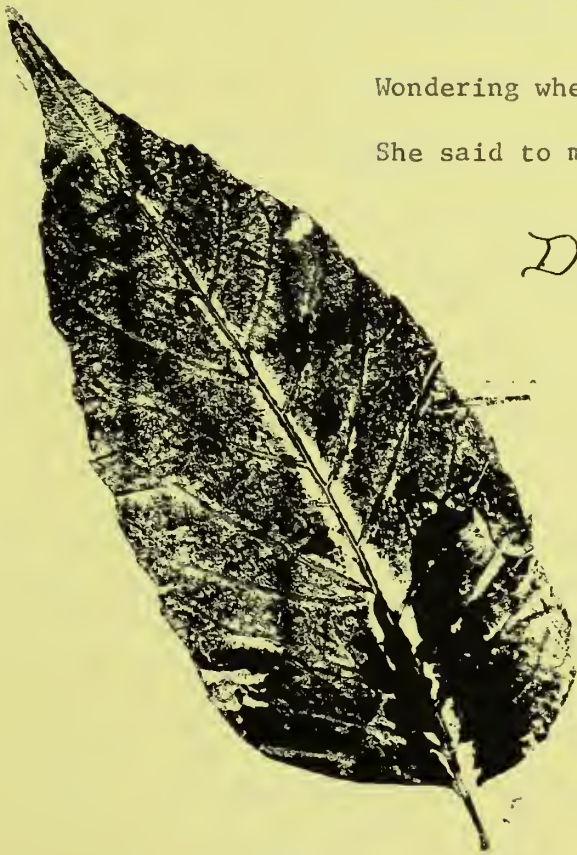
Kindness, care,  
she showed to me.

Graying hair,  
It seemed to be.

Silent stare--  
It was for me.

Wondering where,  
She said to me.

Dan Hazelton







# A Visit

Vicki LaLone

It was getting so I hated to go over to Aunt Dorothy's, because all the time they kept saying, "Why don't you go see Bruce; he's awfully nice." Nice, maybe, but there was something funny about him. I was only nine years old and I hated to play with boys, especially Bruce. His head wobbled and his knees bent in, and I didn't like to look at him at all. I once asked Aunt Dorothy about him, and she said he had this disease as a baby and was coming right along. Whenever they told me to go over and see him, I would make up something to get out of it. But when his mother, Mrs. Fonler, came over and invited me to eat lunch with him, in person and all, what could I do? My mother and Aunt Dorothy nearly pushed me out the door, they were so glad to have me go.

Soon I was standing in their hall while Mrs. Fonler went to get Bruce from his bedroom. I wondered why she didn't just yell for him like we do at home. Pretty soon she came back, followed by Bruce, wearing what looked like his Sunday School clothes. I mean, I didn't see how he could move around in clothes like that. Mrs. Fonler introduced him and he walked right up to me and stuck out his hand. I really didn't want to, but I took his hand and shook it just for a second. He smiled at me and I tried to smile back. Then his mother left the room, darn it! I was alone with him. What could I say? I asked him the first question I could think of, "Where do you go to school". Right off I knew I had said something wrong. He probably went to a special school. How stupid of me. I spoke again before he could answer. "I go to school at Indian River. My teacher is really snotty.

For some reason, Bruce thought that was really funny. He started to laugh and his whole body shook like mad and spit flew all over. I could hardly stand to look at him.. He made me sick. I sure wasn't going to make him laugh again. When he finally stopped laughing he asked, "Would you like to see my stamp books?" At least I think that's what he said. It was hard to understand him. His tongue went all over his mouth.

We went to his bedroom. He showed me his stamp books. There must have





been two hundred different stamps. Bruce knew every single stamp and the history of it. He rattled off fact after fact. However, I could hardly understand what he was saying. He certainly was smart, though. He kept talking and spit was all over his mouth. Thank heavens Mrs. Fonler soon called us to lunch.

After lunch we went to play ball in the backyard. Bruce didn't catch the ball very well, but I couldn't get over how he kept trying. Sometimes I almost wanted to laugh. He was getting all sweaty from playing, and I didn't want to look at him any more. I was getting nervous and wanted to go back to Aunt Dorothy's. I ran in the house to see what time it was. Mrs. Fonler was sleeping on the couch. Bruce followed me in.

"Listen, Bruce, don't wake your mom up now. Tell her thanks a whole lot for lunch, and I'll just let myself out the front door. Hey--and thanks for showing me your stamp books."

It was another hour yet before I was supposed to go back so I went into the field beside Aunt Dorothy's house and sat down on a rock. I picked a milkweed and squeezed it. As I watched the juice run down my leg, I began to think that Bruce could never come out here and pick these milkweeds or anything, his body wasn't good enough. He had this good brain, but his body couldn't do much at all. I could hardly stand to think about it.

When I was sure an hour had passed, I went to Aunt Dorothy's house. Mrs. Fonler and my Aunt were sitting in the living room. It looked like Mrs. Fonler was crying. My mother didn't move or anything; she just stood there really quiet and solid, looking at me. I couldn't stand it. She finally spoke. "Was it too much to ask you just to visit Bruce? Was that too much to ask?"

I couldn't tell her yes.





# Dyven Burn      Barry Beverage

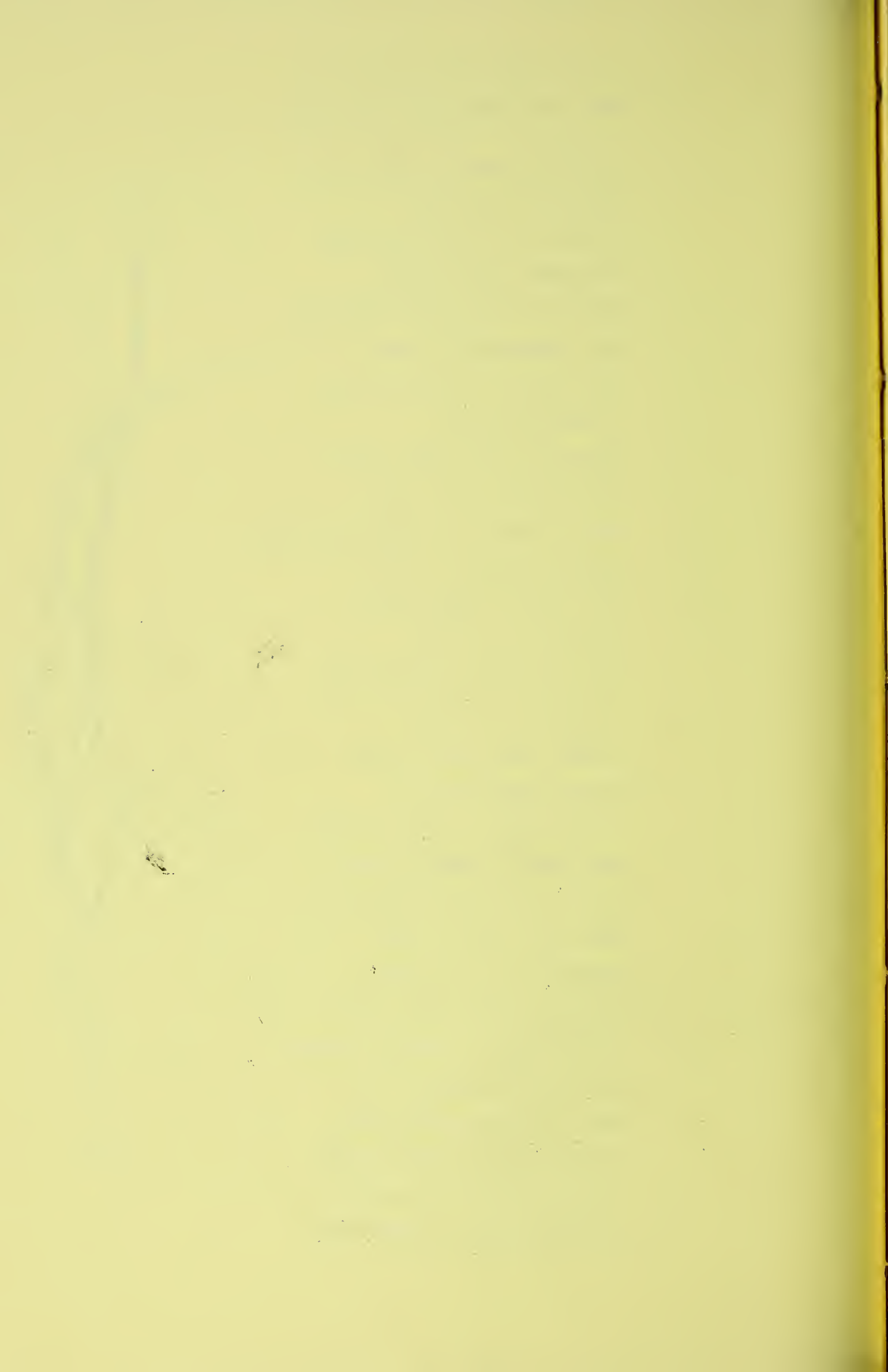
Down by yon rippling Dyven Burn  
Whence by custom I did wander,  
Perchance I spied a lovely lass  
At sight of whom, I lingered longer;  
And I defy a mortal man,  
Whe'er strong or poor, or young or old,  
To capture sight, the match of such,  
And, 'fore 'tis parted, to wander on.  
Such a picture did I behold;  
The lingering light ere dusk has come  
Played surely with my feeble mind--  
Yet, 'tis true in dark or sun.  
A vision beyond description,  
A hope surpassing all my dreams;  
I gazed as she stood on the bank,  
A brilliant star, another realm  
So near, yet unattainable;  
She moved, I thought to fly away,  
And from my heart a cry shot out--  
As though a word might halt the day.  
She turned; My head bowed in despair,  
As a thief caught stealing, so I thought  
Had I been discovered, and could say nothing,  
Not knowing what I ought;  
And yet, I could not help but look  
Upon a beauty such as hers;  
I raised my eyes to see her face:  
She smiled, fleetingly, flirtingly, and turned.  
The evening's dark approached to find  
Me seated still, my heart to yearn,





My arms crying for the lovely vision  
Mine eyes had held down by Dyven Burn.

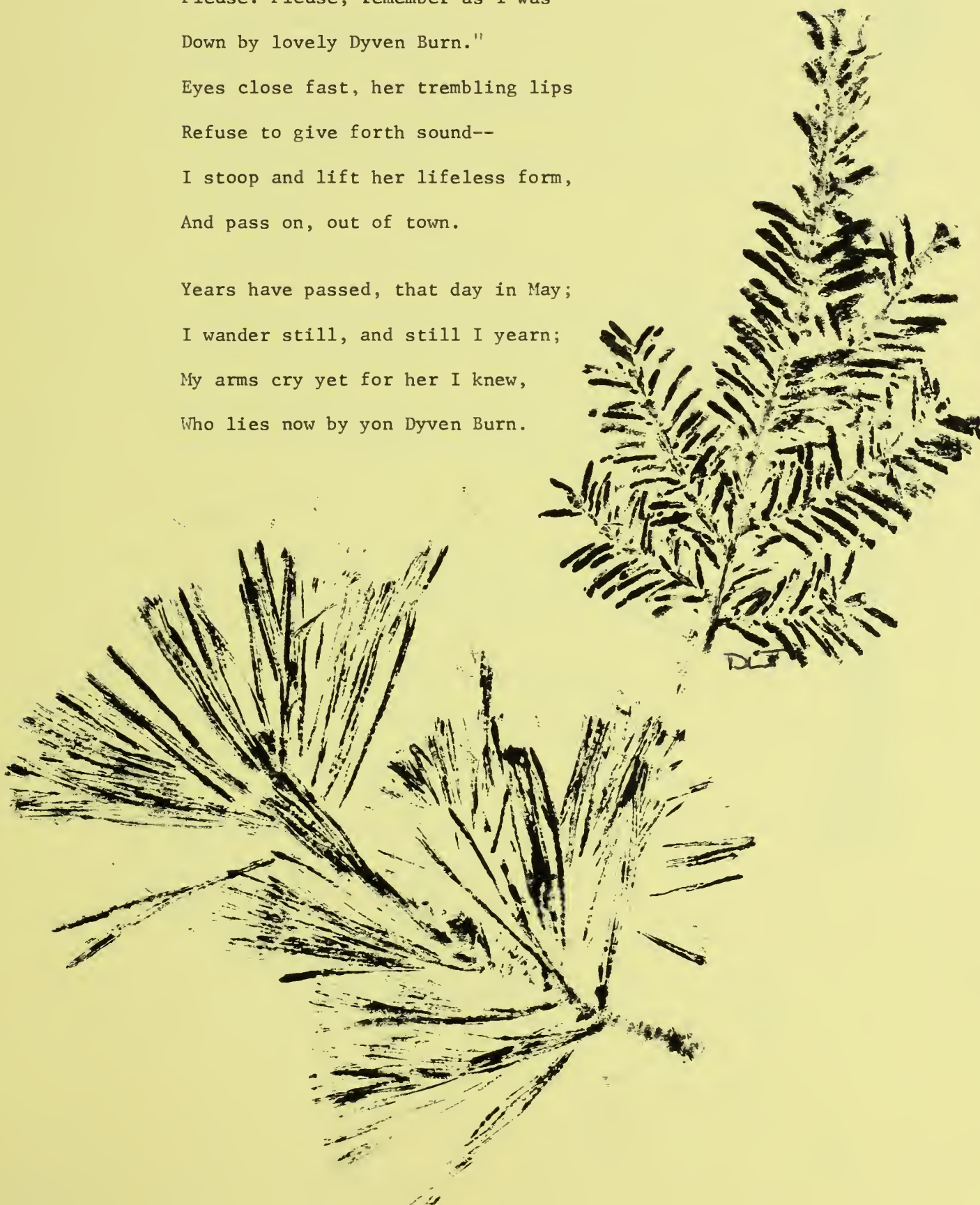
I walk with cautious step and quick,  
And do not linger long  
On Hadley Row, where wenches live,  
And thieves, and vagabonds;  
The filth, the muck, the bloody lane  
Where beggars sit and plead;  
Receiving not, they stop and take  
To gratify their need.  
Wenches lure, and 'waymen steal--  
Blood and lust on every door--  
And I, in need, must stroll there through,  
Returning from upon the moor.  
A cry I hear; a sobbing wail--  
Pity not! I try to say;  
But, soft in heart, and human yet,  
I turn my step and stay.  
A huddled shape upon the stone,  
Debauched, and minus form;  
A broken voice, so coarse and cold,  
Aging fingers, scarred and torn.  
I slip my hand beneath the chin,  
Raise it up to see the eyes:  
Shaking still, I see therein  
My vision of long, lonely nights.  
I look, amazed; My heart beat throbs--  
She sees me and remembers too;  
Tears of time come welling fast  
And fill those eyes with misty blue.  
I stoop, to lift her in my arms,  
She cries in pain, of naught I know,





But, sinking fast, such I can see,  
For her, no more tomorrow.  
Her trembling hand seeks to grasp my own;  
Her troubled eyes hold mine;  
In whispered tones she tries to speak,  
I must bend close, her voice declines;  
"Remember when you walked and strolled,  
And when your heart did yearn;  
Please! Please, remember as I was '  
Down by lovely Dyven Burn."  
Eyes close fast, her trembling lips  
Refuse to give forth sound--  
I stoop and lift her lifeless form,  
And pass on, out of town.

Years have passed, that day in May;  
I wander still, and still I yearn;  
My arms cry yet for her I knew,  
Who lies now by yon Dyven Burn.







# If You Should Go

Today we unfold our deep hearts' petaled secrets,  
then open them as presents and find ourselves brighter.  
I trace with my finger the lines of your face,  
just as my soul explores all the heights and the depths  
of yours.

Oh, it's been a long time since my heart was so given,  
or since I've dared opening my soul to another,  
for I found, last time, that love can depart  
and the wind of its passing can freeze and can stiffen  
all feeling  
except the pain of cold.

And I still have the fear, for I see that the flowers,  
just after their blossoming, are killed by the frost.  
So the green turns to brown, and the brown turns to white,  
but must all of the color be taken from love  
this time?

Must I become tired of the turns of your mind?  
Must you become bored with the frame of my soul?

But if it is true that the cold must come in,  
so to deaden our love and make colors all dim,  
I refuse to believe that all beauty is lost--

The transparence of love is left sparkling and turning  
and hanging and dripping; yes, even when warmth  
has passed.

Estelle Osterhout





# "Grampo"

To Ann Gilbert

I can remember the day Mom told me that Gramps died. I could see that she and Dad were terribly upset but my emotions did not govern me on this occasion; I did not cry, I only thought--about Gramps.

Was it his fantasy stories or his jesting that made me love him? Or was it because he meant so much to my mom and dad whom I loved dearly? When I came to visit him he would call me the candy kid because he knew how much I loved to reach into the big bowl of candy on the mantelpiece. Then he would set me on his knee and tell me all about Mr. Kadiddlehopper, and how he caught the three foot fish hanging in the hallway. I would have him tell me over and over.

As I grew older I realized that his standards were different from mine. Nevertheless, whenever I was around, he would be an example of the good things. Like the time that I peeked in the window before I knocked, and saw a big bottle of whiskey witting on the table in front of him. When I came in, the bottle had disappeared. He thought I didn't know.

Still I loved him because I knew that he loved me. He wanted me to grow up strong and healthy, honest and good. Some of his traits have passed on to me, too--I'm even left-handed like him. One thing I know is that when he died, a wee bit of me passed on with him.





# Communication Between Lovers

After I threw the smooth, flat rock and watched it skim and shoot across the clear, blue lake, I looked over my shoulder at her. Her wide smile and wink told me that she knew that it had been a good skimming rock. I stood and watched her as she went back to what she was doing, picking over the tiny, moist pebbles with her bare toes and fingers.

After I had watched her for a while, she looked up and caught me staring at her. She looked embarrassed, but relaxed at my smile and blown kiss. I went back to skipping my rocks.

"Ow!" I yelled, when somebody hit me on the back of the head with a pebble. When she saw that I was mad, she took off running along the shore of the lake, with me close on her heels, both of us laughing and screaming the whole time. I finally caught up to her and we went tumbling down, rolling over and over in the soft, white sand until we landed in the water. Soaking wet, both of us, I looked at her soberly, and by her sad expression, I knew she was sorry for hitting me with the pebble. So I broke out laughing and hugged her, and she knew I wasn't mad. We just sat down at the edge of the water and watched the ducks and boats out on the lake.

We sat for hours in the same spot, hardly noticing that the wind had started blowing and even the leaves were falling from the trees. The other people had left and even the birds and ducks all flew away. A storm was coming. Suddenly there was a loud rumbling in the sky and the rain came and the sky lit up yellow with lightning. I felt her hand tighten up in mine. I knew she was afraid of thunder and lightning. She had told me this many times before, when we had had our long talks. "Let's go," she said, although she knew neither one of us really wanted to leave and see an end to a lovely day.

When we were riding home, we laughed together about our great day at the Brown Bear Lake. When a certain son, "Listen to the Rhythm of the Falling Rain" came on the radio, we looked at each other and broke out laughing. She slid over closer to me and started to dry my face with a plain white towel. I smiled at her and went back to driving. Suddenly she hugged me sideways and said, "I love you." I squeezed her hand hard and said, "I love you, too, honey."

While communication between people is mostly just talk, communication between





lovers is made up of many things: feeling, touching, holding, sensing, knowing each other and reading facial expressions. That's why lovers really get to know each other.

*Ronald Hall*





# Driftwood

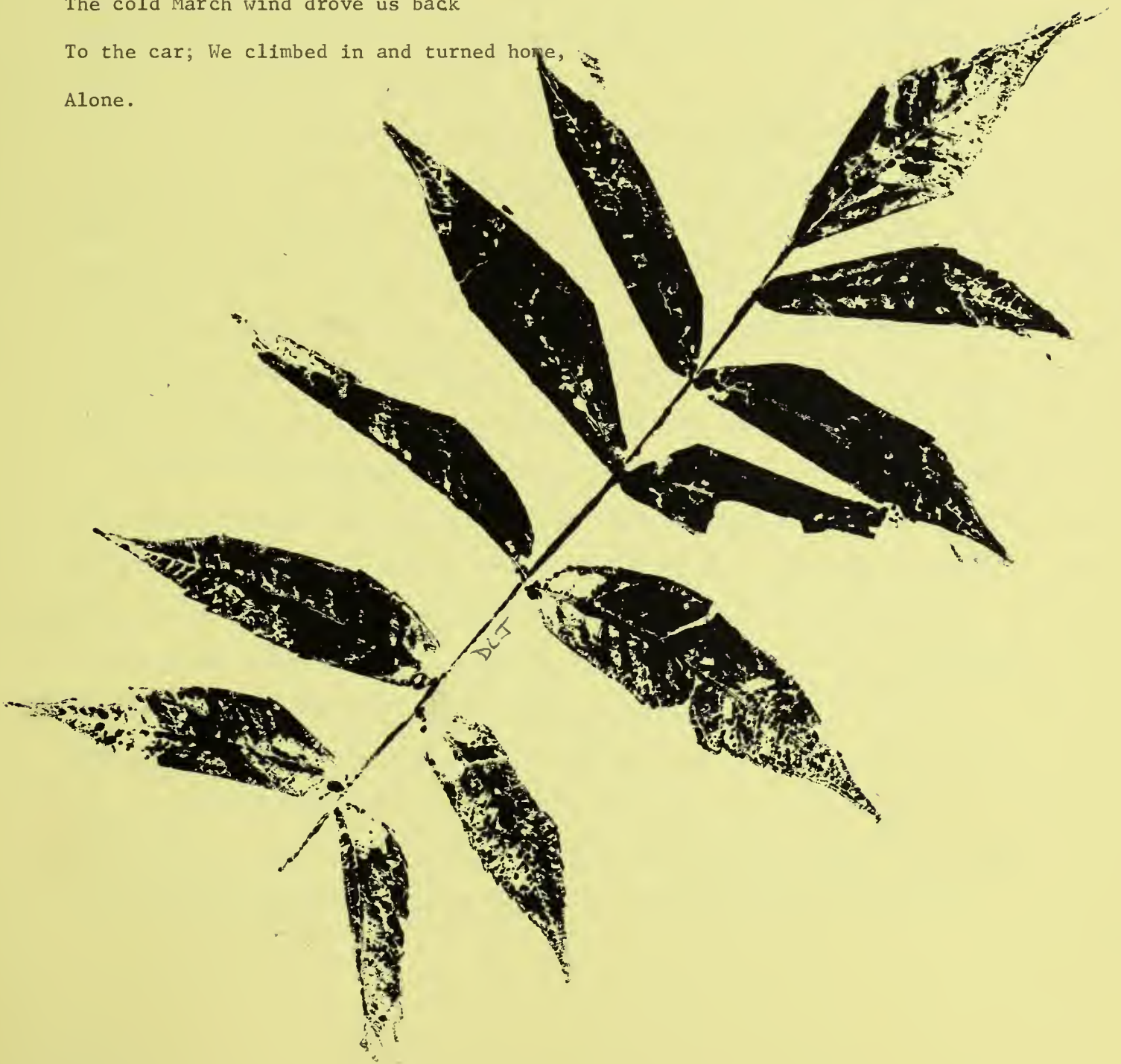
Barry Beverage

We walked along the beach tonight,  
Lady and I; Our beach,  
For, were you gone a hundred years  
It would still and ever be ours.  
The seaweed covered high-water mark,  
Strewn with odds and ends of the sea's  
Many distant travels; The driftwood,  
Yes, though ships have not been built  
Of wood for a hundred years thier  
Beams and bits of planking still wash ashore;  
I haven't seen you for a lifetime,  
And I never shall again... but, still  
I cannot walk the beach without thoughts of you;  
They drift into my mind as though they were yesterday.  
You used to love to walk along the beach...  
We'd laugh and run barefoot upon the sands,  
Curl our toes in its soft whiteness,  
Laugh at the tide's foaming lips, and love  
Just to be together there.  
I never knew it existed until you came.  
You'd laugh - and sigh - at the waves...  
I heard them so loud tonight, one booming upon the last,  
But, as always now, your laugh was not there,  
The white waves roared into the beach,  
Each one breaking a tiny bit further in,  
Washing just that much more or so of sand.  
The last wave died away and, strangely,  
The sea was still for an instant,  
But it was only brief - three mounting waves,  
Like storm troopers drove against the sand;  
The tide pushed up the beach a little more.  
I remember when, one day, we were caught  
On a rock far out as the tide drove





Quickly in about us. We had to leap  
From rock to rock, and you slipped-  
Your shoes and dress were wet.  
You only laughed; You loved the sea-  
And me...  
Lady, tugging on her chain reminded me  
You were not there, just her and me.  
Another person strolled along the sands;  
Lady growled - an intruder had entered our domain.  
We passed a couple standing alone  
Upon the sand; Lady stopped to look.  
I didn't - I knew it wasn't you.  
The cold March wind drove us back  
To the car; We climbed in and turned home,  
Alone.







# Leader of the Gang

Rebecca Kidder

I was the leader of my gang. It wasn't one that you've heard much about. My "hang-out" used to be in New York--not New York City--Copenhagen, New York. I was the first-born, so I had to be tough. I was the brains and chief operator of the gang. If I didn't instigate mischief, it wasn't instigated. The gang was born on my birthday, August 10, 1952. Membership doubled within the next two years when my brother was born.

It all began on a country farm. I remember trying many new things, and looking at everything from a perspective not common to most people. My crib was stationed in my parents' room. I remember waking up early in the morning. The sun streamed through the window, and I tried to catch the pretty dust particles which floated near me, but always evaded my grasp. My first lesson was that I couldn't hold sunlight in my hand.

I really kept tabs on that window. It provided me with my first views of the outside world. I remember awakening once late at night. It was very dark, and I was frightened to find that I had been left alone. I heard a rumble and screamed. Then I moved to the window and saw huge lanterns walking on the drive below. That's how lightning can look when you're a little girl, and even gang leaders are allowed to be afraid once in a while! Finally, Dad came to take me downstairs. He was one of my best men--always on the ball.

Grandma lived downstairs and helped with my training. A gang leader has to be tough, but she also has to be well-groomed. Grandma knew her stuff. I had a tender head, but by using a comb on that thin, wild, electrified, blond hair, Grandma taught me to accept pain without flinching, and "fixed me up" so that nobody would be able to resist my charm. The men called me "Goldilocks."

By the time I was four, I was making big plans. I got a baton for my birthday, and had great aspirations of becoming a majorette and a prima ballerina. A lack of dancing shoes didn't stop me! I just didn't let obstacles stand in my way! But I didn't mug; I improvised. I got some ribbon and wrapped it in crisscorss-fashion around my socks. I was getting into the big stuff



now. There was an old hired man with an old slouch hat who used to give me piggy back rides or sit on the porch chewing a cud of tobacco and holding an old leather fly swatter in his hand. A gang leader has to converse with all tupes of people. I used to go down to talk and to discuss the state of the world with him and to hit flies for him with his old floppy leather fly swatter. (Gang leaders aren't all bad, you know.) He used to listen to me, and I used to show him how I would dance when I became a ballerina. He died later. People led me to believe he had fallen asleep, but there was a hustle about the house one day, and I never saw him again. I wasn't any dummy.

Gang leaders have to know about death. It's one of the necessities of life. I wasn't about to be left out, so I began to conduct a series of logical experiments. I spent a great deal of time thinking about death and decided to find out what happens after death. My doll became the subject of my first experiment. She died, and I mourned. (If you aren't really sad about the death, maybe the person won't go to heaven.) I buried her in a pile of leaves and kneeled down to pray and wait for her to ascend. I stayed for some time, but nothing happened. I thought maybe a dead one doesn't ascend unless she's left overnight. So I left her overnight, but she was still there in the morning.

I still remember my first after-birth stay in the hospital. I don't remember what was the matter with me, but I do remember lying there with people above me standing around the crib tapping me on the head with a little rubber hammer. They took all my clothes and dressed me in white. The planned on having me stay for the night, but I had other plans! I continued to climb out of the crib into my mother's arms. Finally, the doctor surrendered and said that I could go home that night.

Then my educational experiences began. I gathered all the letters that came into the house and began tracing the writing. Printing and the repetition of letters was done on my blackboard. I spent the night before my first day of school worrying about how they would ever teach me to read and wondering exactly how the subtraction system operated.

I was quite a calculator in those days. Taking naps was a total waste of time. Surely Mom would let me get up by the time I silently counted to two or three hundred if I pretended to be asleep and yawned when I went to ask if I



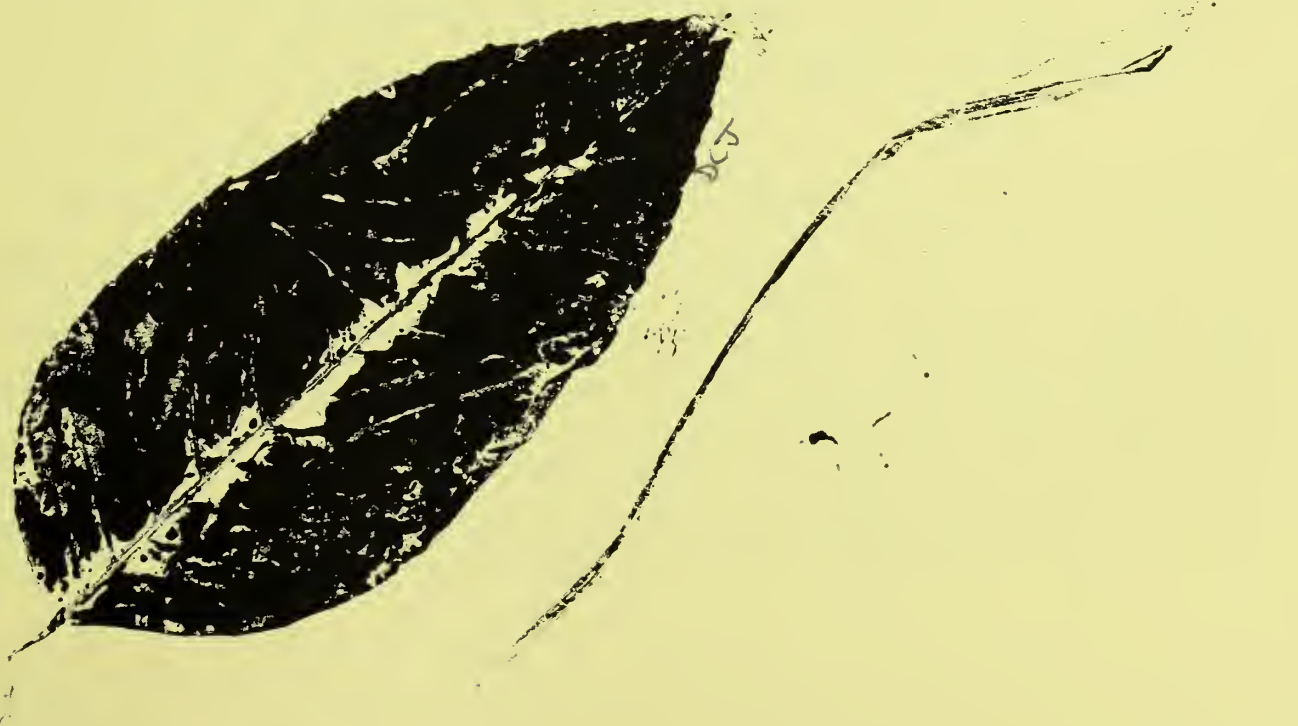


could get up now. There were other ways to outsmart people. When I wanted help with my math, I'd say the examples aloud giving the wrong answers, noping to hear Mom or Dad say, "Becky, seven and eight isn't sixteen. It's fifteen." But my efforts were in vain. Nobody cared.

Instead of learning to drive a getaway car, I decided to use my own mode of transportation. My uncle Ralph helped me to develop my talents in this area. Sitting on his lap, I drove a tractor for my first time before my foot was able to reach the accelerator. Of course, I ran down many of the big white stones which lined the drive, but what can you expect from a young gang leader?

I was a constant bundle of questions, a singer, a dancer, a "baton twirler," a celebrity, a scientist, an acrobat, a writer, a teacher, and a trouble-maker. I could see the face of the man in the moon at night and dream of the future, I could enjoy hammering a wall just to see the marks the hammer left, and I could be perfectly content with making a 5:30 appearance on "Kiddies' Karnival" and trying afterwards to blow bubbles with the gum the man gave me. It was my first piece of bubble gum, and the only way I could do it was to take the gum out of my mouth and stick my tongue into it and blow as hard as I could.

Every gang leader can get into trouble with his mother, as I did when I went outside to swing in a white blouse and my underpants. (I didn't have a pair of white shorts which all acrobats must have.) But gang leaders can also experience the joy of running behind a tricycle and of receiving a new sled with Santa Claus' picture on it on Christmas morning. It's a rough life, but it's not without its pleasures.







# The Last Supper

Stephen Smith

There we sat around the table all ready to eat Sunday dinner. On the near end of the table sat Gracious Gertrude next to Umble Unice. Lanky Ludwig was next and at the head of the table was Gallant Gregory. These made up the "aristocrats" of our table. On the other side sat the "not-so-well-to-do" section, consisting of Naive Nellie, Laxative Larry, and Strange Stella. Windbruise Wart was sitting at the back.

The first Sunday I ate at E. N. C. was one which is so vivid in my mind. Some of the strangest things happened at this meal, many of which I would like to forget.

To begin with, it was hard to act at home, as some of the people who were there were strangers. It was equally as hard to act formal there, as some were friends. Secondly, the meal was family style, which really was anything but family style; it was so formal, with coats and ties. Lastly and most importantly, I vaguely remembered some of the guests from times past. They were the ones who spoiled the meal.

The ones I could hardly remember were Gracious Gertrude, Umble Unice, Lanky Ludwig, and Gallant Gregory. What made matters worse was that I didn't know much etiquette, but they acted as if they had just read Amy Vanderbilt's latest book and as if she were sitting right beside them. Well, I knew the minute the conversation opened that someone would ruin it, so I kept quiet. Soon, Gracious Gertrude was quoting Browning's "How do I love thee, let me count the ways. . . ." She was getting on quite famously and her friends enjoyed the entertainment. ". . . Let me count the ways. . . ." she repeated.

However, before long Strange Stella said, "This food is horrible. The pot roast tastes like roast pot." This ruined everything. Umble Unice grotesquely choked on her tea while Gracious Gertrude glared across the table. Lanky Ludwig, who had just lifted his fork to his mouth, missed and dumped mashed potatoes and gravy in his ear while Gallant Gregory attempted to save the day--he winced. However, all the rest of the gang tended to agree with Strange Stella and, instead



of quieting down, added to the confusion.

Now a conversation did start, or rather a "free-for-all." Strange Stella complained of the olive oil she was testing and Gracious Gerty growled, "Grow up."

"Well," Naive Nellie shouted, "we're grown as much as we ever will be."

"Leave the table," Yelled Gallant Gregory.

"No," popped Windbruise Wart.

Lanky Ludwig, still cleaning gravy from his ear, said, "One more crack like that and I'm leaving!"

Laxative Larry went to throw an olive at Lanky Ludwig and missed, pitching it right into Unble Unice's mouth. She nearly collapsed, but when she finally regained her composure, she dryly said, "I've never been so humiliated in all my humiliated life." To this some laughed, while others asked to be excused, giving various reasons such as, "My ear fell asleep," "I sprained the back of my mouth," "I can't count," and "My face is shriveled."

After this ordeal they retired to their rooms where they recuperated for supper.

Personally, I don't quite understand them.





# Watermelons

Eden Carnahan

North of the exit ramp at Old Ed road

I found back of the fruitstands in the dead of the spring

A Jewish merchant with register running

As he learned on the wall, counting his money

Slowly in the celery stalks.

"Where are the watermelons?"

I marvelled at all the avocados, green like the sky

Defying the natural order of the Sane,

Alluring where it ripened; I took it gently

To the counter and waited with that new-found soul, gleaming  
and glorious.

"This is not a watermelon."

I could find the end of an eternity

'Til the sun met the sky on Old Ed Road.

I waited for the proprietor, and tapping my foot

Got me and ulcer. On the wall, he indulged

In his money, trembling.

"Are there no watermelons?"

The Jew, like a lost entity, looked up

And muttered at the inhumanity inflicted

Upon the chosen people by humanity's poets.

He had blood in his eye, money in his hand,

Grabbed the frozen mackerel and fled, indifferent.

I stood there, watermelons.







**MAN'S  
INTERACTION  
WITH THE  
WORLD**





# The "On Campus" jukebox

Uh oh. More footsteps. Someone else is coming. Listen people, its been a long night. Why don't you just go back to your rooms and get a good night's sleep? But they still keep coming. Here come the coins--clink, clink, crash; and next--the selections. What'll it be this time? A little of Bobby Sherman? Perhaps the atmosphere calls for some of Dean Martin's old love melodies. But no, once again it is Steppenwolf and "Born to be Wild!" Now I don't mean to complain; this is only its seventh time in two hours. It wouldn't be so bad except that it's the same person playing it all seven times.

Lately I've been having trouble with my sound tracts. The speakers seem to peter out occasionally. Some of you may have noticed that they fail in certain places in certain songs with amazing constancy. After all, I have a right to express my own opinions about the music I play and this is a most effective technique. Frequently, however, my opinions are not readily listened to with understanding. Many times I've been kicked and slapped and shoved and cursed. But I remain obstinate--martyrdom is not too high a price to pay for my personal liberties. Some of us can take it and some of us can't. Fortunately my sides have held together thus far.

This job isn't really as bad as I'm making it seem. For one thing, I get to watch some very interesting people. Take this fellow for instance: he really enjoys listening to this song "Born to be Wild." Look at him drumming his fingers on the table and throwing his head back and forth. It's a shame, though, that I cannot share his enthusiasm and so I think I'll end this song right now.

Ahh-h-h. Silence.

Ouch! One of these days I'm going to fall apart because of someone's temper.

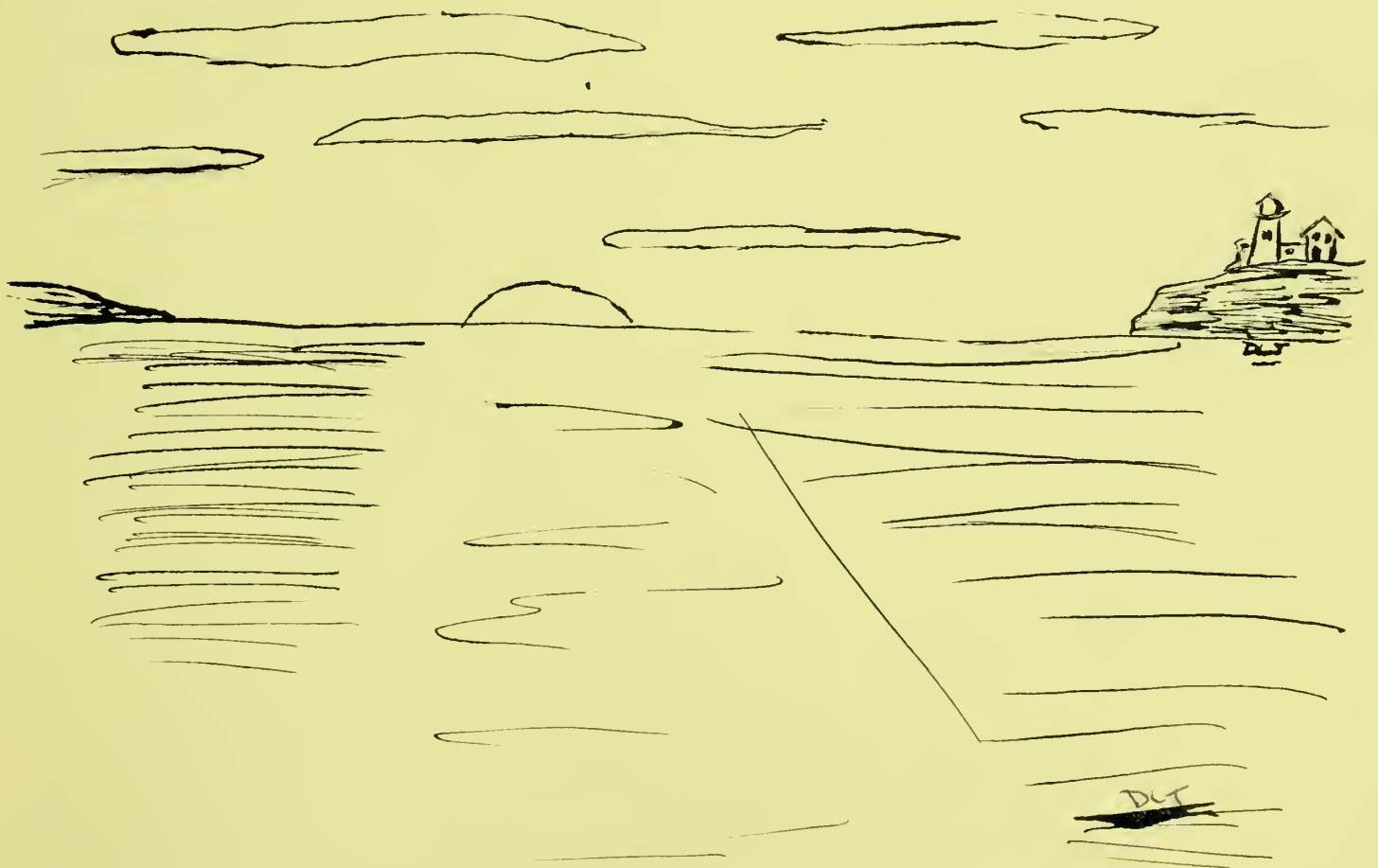
Ruth Susen



# Sea Fantasy

Rizzi Emery

The sea is one of God's most magnificent creations. It is as real and tangible as we are and yet in its beauty and vastness the sea gives an impression of fantasy. In its continual movement, the sea provides a series of scenes that are never quite the same. At first glance the water as a whole appears blue. On closer inspection, however, the depths reveal the varying shades of green which man cannot duplicate. In the clear water, one can also see the waving forests of brown kelp which add an aura of mystery. The water foams and curls against the rocks in gentle swells or dashes itself in fury against the rocks, flinging up towers of spray. The air is cool and misty and one can smell the salt in the air. The seagulls wheel and scream overhead, adding a feeling of loneliness even in a crowd. The overall impression is one of awe, admiration, and a small touch of fear. All cares are forgotten and one is free. The sea is God's tranquillizer for mankind.







# Those Magnificent Men

Don Starr

It was the end of my senior year in high school, and I was planning to attend Eastern Nazarene College in the fall. But there was only one thing I needed--money--almost \$1100. In the last week of school, the topics for lunch table conversation had changed from girls, cars, and sports to summer jobs. Each guy in turn had a chance to tell about his new job--its great pay, its advantages, and the dreams it gave to its owner sitting half-buried in that precious green paper. However, when I was asked where I was going to work, I had nothing to say--no tales of wealth and prestige--no job. Then a friend of mine started talking about his \$4.00 an hour, \$200.00 a week job. That sounded just perfect for me, so I asked him how, where, who, and a battery of other questions. The next day, I called the personnel manager, and after a few days, secured the job. I was on a midnight clean-up crew at a Hygrade's Meat plant. Though the hours were bad, 8:30 p.m. to 5:30 a.m., I was getting \$3.83 an hour. Could I complain?

Soon I found out why they paid so much. I was led into a giant cement-walled bone-chilling, smelly room. It was filled with many huge complicated machines and everywhere I looked was a jungle of dirty sheet metal, aluminum, and stainless steel. Scattered over the machines and red brick floor were bones, slabs of fat, and ground chunks of raw meat. It was dream-like, for I had never been able to imagine the inside of a factory. And now, I was standing in the place where last week's ham had been prepared.

I was shocked back into reality by someone's elbow in my side. He seemed to point out the beady-eyed stare of a hard-looking foreman. Reality was vivid--the muted stench of raw, decaying meat flared my nostrils, making me half sick. I followed another student, slipping on the fat-lubricated floor of bricks, trying to keep from falling into the slopped, soggy meat. Finally, I made it to a small room where other workers were cutting head and arm holes in huge plastic bags and sliding them over their grubby work clothes. I soon was 'dressed' and ready to work, but was confused as to what my job was, for the foreman had said nothing concerning my duties. Consequently, I asked several people what I should do, and ended up helping a big colored man in a dirty T-shirt clean a



machine. The ham line where we were working was thick with huge hunks of fat and pieces of scrap meat. Since I had no gloves, I pulled the waste off the machine surfaces bare-handed, feeling the cold, wet, slightly squishy, but firm slabs of pure white fat, listening for the smack as they hit the floor. But before long, the hard-looking foreman called me over to him and gave sentence on my next task. All the meat, fat, and bones which lay on the floor had to be picked up by someone, and it seemed as though I was elected. He gave me a squeegee, like a rake with a rubber blade, and I pushed the conglomeration into a pile. It looked as if a giant toad had left his supper at my feet and it did not help me keep my food down. I shoveled it into a huge tank and it splattered wetly on the silver aluminum bottom, shooting little bits on my clothes.

Lunch came at 1:00 a.m. and I rejoiced for a break, but shortly had to return to the jungle again. This time, I slaved with hot water and wheel wool, scouring at dried-on pieces of meat stuck stubbornly to the sides of big shiny vats. Finally 5:30 arrived. I was free at last! I drove home with the sun just rising, hurriedly walked into the house, greeted my mother, peeled off my clothes, and flopped into bed. Ugh!

I thought to myself, those poor factory people. Those men had to go through the monotony and boredom of factory life every day for a lifetime, and I only had to work for a summer. Before, I had looked down on factory workers, bringing home their piles of money only to waste their weekends on beer and Sunday T. V. But now I understood. I marvelled at them, wondering how they could take it. I appreciated them--I was one of them.







# Most Traumatic Experience

Starting school can be, for many children, a very scary and traumatic experience. But to me, starting school was a new adventure; it was the teacher who was the cause of my first real experience with terror.

Mrs. Smith stood about seven feet tall and it seemed to me that she weighed at least a thousand pounds. She was the largest person I had ever seen. It seemed that when she entered the classroom it was wall-to-wall Mrs. Smith. She was so large that when she bent over you could set a table setting for twelve on the broad expanse of her back. She had a large head with black eyebrows that stood like cliffs over her greyish eyes. She had salt-and-pepper hair caught up in a glittering hair net with unruly strands springing out here and there from the hair net. She wore thick horn-rimmed glasses that made her eyes hang like twin moons over the classroom; eyes that seemed to see all and know all. It seemed that nothing, absolutely nothing escaped her sharp eyes.

Her favorite form of pleasure was punishing the children in her class, especially me. I think that I, being the only child of a minister in the class, was supposed to be an example for the others. In her eyes I failed miserably. And to make me worthwhile in some way to her, she made an example out of me. I was her whipping pole. Whenever there was a group misdemeanor I was selected to be punished. Whenever there was an odd noise somewhere in the room, I was the first person to whom her eyes would dart. I started the year out sitting in the very last seat in the very last row. It wasn't very long, though, before I graduated. One day I was caught staring out of the window, which was a favorite pasttime of mine. The next day I found myself sitting in the middle of the class about three seats back. A few weeks later I made another classical mistake. I was caught scribbling on paper when I should have been doing a workbook page. The next day I was in the seat she reserved for the class example; first seat, middle row where she could keep her eyes on me.

It wasn't long before I was nabbed doing something really bad. I had gotten to the point where I had started rebelling against the establishment.



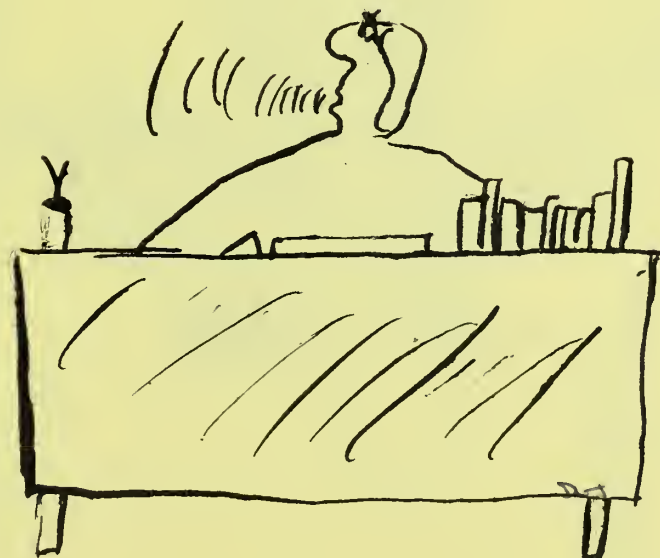


My favorite rebellion was making noise. I loved noise in any form. Knocking over piles of boxes or blocks, dropping books, dropping the lid to my desk, throwing last week's apples into empty tin paper baskets or anything that would make enough noise to startle the teacher was what I liked to do. One day I went too far. I knocked over a jar, by accident, containing about 100 spring peeper frogs. There were frogs everywhere: in desks, under chairs, under books--any place you cared to look there would be a frog there. Mrs. Smith was furious at me. She sentenced me and gave me the capital punishment.

Mrs. Smith's favorite punishment was that the offender had to spend recess under the teacher's desk. That is terrible punishment for a kid of six years of age. I was humiliated. Especially when the second grade class came into our room during my class's recess to have music. While they were singing "Farmer in the Dell," I was plotting Mrs. Smith's death. I was going to shoot her with my brother's B-B gun and run away to Indiana. I chose Indiana because it was the only "foreign" place I knew outside of my home state, Wisconsin. I never did shoot Mrs. Smith, but I did draw a picture of her showing her "true" character. Mrs. Smith saw it, though, and sent me and my caricature to the principal's office.

I don't know whether I learned anything valuable to my growth socially or mentally from Mrs. Smith. But I still have an unreasonable fear of teachers' desks.

*Randy Parker*





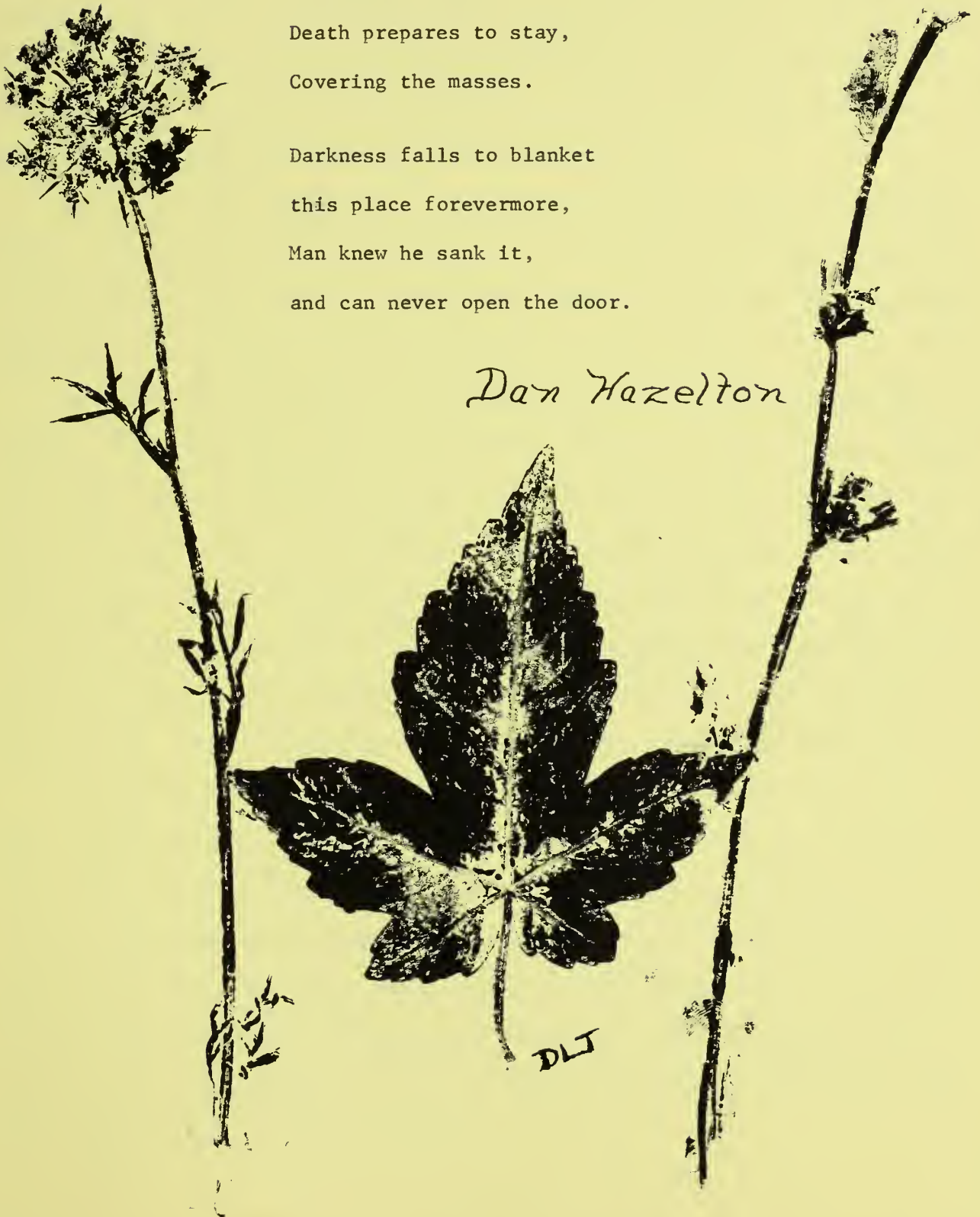
# The World Is Sold

Brown grass, naked trees,  
The sun is cold.  
Blowing sand, empty seas,  
The world is sold.

The color fades away,  
the smoke passes.  
Death prepares to stay,  
Covering the masses.

Darkness falls to blanket  
this place forevermore,  
Man knew he sank it,  
and can never open the door.

Dan Hazelton





# No Longer a Child's Toy

I have recently found a new interest and excitement in what I once thought was only a child's toy. This so-called toy is an ordinary pedal bicycle. Maybe a more sophisticated model with ten speeds instead of one, but it still has to be pedaled by foot.

The idea of cycling a long distance had always intrigued me, but it seemed like such an effort and almost no fun. I knew I wanted to try it, so I suggested it to a friend as something to do on an upcoming weekend. He agreed with me; so we set out to make our plans become a reality. When the day arrived, we discussed the particulars of how and where we would go. Then with the true spirit of adventure, we mounted our bikes, and were off.

The air was warm, with a slight breeze blowing which carried the sweetness of the pines in it. We made our way slowly along the small unpaved road which led to the main road. We had to constantly dodge loose rocks and traps of sand. Soon we were on the main road and the going became much easier.

As we rode along everything seemed much closer. The trees didn't flash by us as they did when we went by in a car. Instead, we passed by them. Roads that we had traveled many times before took on new faces, twists and turns. We noticed things by the side of the road that we had never noticed before. Small ponds gleamed through the darkened woods. Cranberry bogs smiled back at us as if pleased that someone had noticed them. Small cottages peeped out at us from behind trees and fences. A graveyard, off to one side of the road, solemnly stared at us. Practically everything along the way had changed in some way.

The more we rode, the more the trees along the sides of the road melted away. Cars became more plentiful and the roads stretched from two lanes into four lanes. The first leg of our journey was over, for we had made it to the bridge. The bridge rose up before us, towering over all the surroundings. Its rigid steel frame shone in the bright sunlight as the skeleton of a huge silver-plated dinosaur. We made our way slowly around the rotary at the foot of the bridge and then up the gradual slope. The grade was slow and tiring, but there was a reward waiting for us at the top.





When we made it to the top, all we could do was stop and rest, taking in both the fresh air and the magnificent view. As cars hurried on their way past us, we could stop and look out on the endless panorama spread before us. Directly below us the canal was a deep sea green with its surface rippled with the lines of the moving tide. Small boats passed underneath us and went on their way to the ocean, which could be seen as an endless blanket of blue in the distance. Sea gulls flew above us and below us with a freeness that made our spirits long for wings. The cool, salt-scented air breezed by us. It was all splendid!

From the bridge we could see a small road which ran parallel with the canal. This road, we decided, would make up the second leg of the journey. We made our way off the bridge and back into the rotary and then cut off toward the side of the canal. The salt air and the steady flow of the current filled us with a new exuberance. We picked up speed, for the road was very flat and straight. There seemed to be no effort at all in pedaling. We met others on bicycles who looked equally as happy with this type of recreation. We rode past boats sailing up and down the canal. Some of the skippers to whom we waved returned the salute, others tended to their work.

Traveling along the small road, we came to the bridge at the other end of the canal, arriving in no time at all. With two legs of our journey completed we had to embark on the third and final leg. We left the canal road and traveled up a small grade which would complete a circuit back to the cottage. The shadows were becoming longer and the colors of the trees were deepening. The air felt a bit cooler as we headed towards home. The roads began to narrow and cars became fewer. The colored trees gave way to pine trees which became thicker and thicker overhead until they met above us. Our legs were tired and our stomachs were beginning to murmur for food, but we had to go just a little farther. The last few hills seemed almost impossible to climb, but the thought of home and a place to rest spurred us on. At last we were on the small dirt road, once again dodging loose stones and sandy spots. We puffed up the last hill and then down the small grade. Before us was the welcome sight of the cottage.

Even now, my head spins when I think back on think back on this trip. It seems hard to realize that all the things my friend and I saw and did were more



than a dream. I must say that this bicycle trip was a lot different from the first bicycle trip I took around the block. This so-called child's toy is not just a toy any more. I have found in it a new interest and a new excitement, one which I will enjoy for the rest of my life.

*Gilbert Heinter*





# A Fair(y) Story

Paul Day

It was a rainy and cold April, but nevertheless spring had come at last. And as usual, in spring, young men turn to thoughts of. . .revolution.

The revolt began innocently enough. A group of students at North East College asked permission to engage in a formal protest against American intervention in the Canadian Civil War, then in its thirty-seventh year. The students said that they only wanted complete withdrawal of our forces and non-interference with the struggle for a Free Quebec. (Whoever would have believed that before the decade ended the entire eastern seaboard would be allied with Quebec against the western half of the continent.)

Anyway, the administration under the late President Boyd--of which I was a part--thought the plan would be a good way to blow off some of the steam which had been building ever since we started to enforce compulsory "citizenship" classes. Besides, it was only fair, since we had previously allowed on-campus recruiters from the American Canadian Expeditionary Forces. And so, permission was granted for the students to set up a booth against the war. Shortly thereafter, President Boyd announced that on one day soon a moratorium on the war would be held. This was done partially to appease rabble-rousing student leaders, partially to get a day off. Later, Dr. Boyd told me he first hit upon the moratorium idea in an article in some obscure history text about the "successful" moratoriums in the nineteen-seventies. Unfortunately, the article did not tell how they were successful, as we were soon to find out. The stage was set.

The appointed day soon arrived. As an omen, that morning the sun shone brightly over the N. E. C. campus for the first time in several weeks. Instead of classes, the students had rallies and special lecturers. Pres. Boyd and I put in our appearance at one anti-war meeting and were pleased by the speaker's moderate manner--although somewhat puzzled at his speech on Lichenstein's race problem. All over the N. E. C. campus students were enrolling other students into the O. C. S. U. In general, we were all congratulating Pres. Boyd on his great wisdom. (Later, we regrettably learned that the O. C. S. U. was the





ORganization Committed to Smash the University.)

The next day I met Dr. Boyd just coming out his door, as was usual, and we heard a great commotion from the direction of the administration building. A group of young men rushed past us, one of them knocking Dr. Boyd to his feet. I helped him from the pavement and we proceeded. As soon as we came within sight of the administration building we saw that the students had taken control of it. There were perhaps two thousand students--about half of the student body--in or around the building complex.

Dr. Boyd and I hurried to the secret emergency control center in a large hollowed-out tree in the botanic gardens. There we found, waiting for us, Professor Eugene Green (affectionately known as Mr. Green Jeans since he always wore his forest green coveralls instead of a suit).

"What's going on around here?" cried Mr. Green. "All them students are ruining the grass."

"It seems that the students are holding some sort of rally in the ad. building," I answered.

"Hah!" pounced Green. "I told you. Once ya let the power get. . ."

"All right," interrupted Dr. Boyd. "Right now we've got to solve this problem." Immediately Dr. Boyd picked up the telephone and began calling together the Special Sub-Committee on Student Protest Demonstrations. Since N.E.C. had never had a protest demonstration no such committee existed, but that did not bother the resourceful college president. The president merely called whomever came to mind.

Within the hour the Committee convened. Dr. Boyd beforehand instructed me to take notes carefully and report the minutes to him later--in triplicate. Those present included Drs. Camarada, Beller, Serkel, and Burke, and Mssrs. Green and Ulysses. Coming into the underground conference room Dr. Serkel demanded, "What's going on around here?"

"The students are revolting," answered Green.

"I know that. . .but what's going on?"

Dr. Boyd then briefed the Committee on his total knowledge of the situation; it lasted a minute and a half. The matter was thrown open for discussion. Everyone agreed that something had to be done but nobody knew just what.

"Why not try to find out what these students want?" suggested Dr. Beller.



"Are you crazy?" boomed Dr. Camarada.

"Who do you think this college is run for, anyhow?" added Dr. Burke, breathing deeply for effect.

Dr. Beller's idea was unpopular with the rest of the Committee and was dropped. In fact, Dr. Beller--who was actually Rollie the Red--himself was unpopular, so he too was dropped--from the faculty.

Just then a student delegation barged into the secret control center and presented their list of non-negotiable demands. They were as follows:

- 1) Establish a Department of Lithuanian Studies.
- 2) Fill and keep full all vending machines--especially the cigarette machine.
- 3) Put a new floor in the dance hall.
- 4) Get some "Talkies" for the movie theatre.
- 5) Recognize Free Quebec.

It was apparent that such ridiculous demands were intended only to provoke the administration into action but Dr. Boyd, seeing through their plan, did nothing. Seeing this, the students tried to attract attention by blowing up the library. But Dr. Boyd held firm in his inaction. After committing a few more atrocities the young revolutionaries gave up their tactic of violence.

Soon several of their leaders came out in order to negotiate their non-negotiable demands. They had weakened. The preliminaries were quickly disposed of and the real bargaining began.

The College agreed to set up a Department of Lithuanian Studies--something for which Dr. Camarada had been pressing for years. In addition the administration agreed to get a new player-piano in the theatre. For their part, the students dropped the other demands and agreed to return to classes.

Before N.E.C. could return to normalcy, however, there was one other problem. During the violence much of the campus had been destroyed, forcing the administration to reduce enrollment. Dr. Boyd solved this minor inconvenience by telling those students who went home rather than demonstrate not to bother to come back.

The rest of the year continued without incident--there were only two days left anyway. Dr. Boyd settled down and wrote his now-famous work on how to



control student disorders for fun and profit. Naturally, when his book became a best-seller he was promoted to Mid West College and then to director of the entire system.





# The Midnight Ride

The car was old and rickety, not at all safe. The wooden seats were splintered, and the many scratches revealed various coats of paint. The windows rattled, and the connecting cable looked more than a little frayed. I wondered how such a useless and dangerous vehicle could ever be allowed to operate. The car lurched downward, and I grabbed for a seat belt. There weren't any, but, much to my relief, the car proceeded rather slowly. My fears subsided as no collapse of the car came. Once it was moving, it even had an air of strength and stability.

Regaining my courage, I began to absorb the tremendous view. Pittsburgh at night was beautiful. There was none of that dreariness and lifelessness so evident during the day. The skyline of the city was marvelously silhouetted against the characteristic orange glow of the steel mills. Bright lights were everywhere, some dotting the superstructures of the Golden Triangle, others scattered throughout the city, bringing light to every house. Small rivercraft were moving under the many bridges and through the locks on the two rivers which silently merged into one. Across the waters was Three Rivers Stadium, partially completed then, but soon to be the pride of Pittsburgh. Life, in many forms, was everywhere, above and below.

Inside the car was a lady with some packages, a man in a business suit, another man going to work at the mills, and even a young couple going to see a play at the Playhouse. This wasn't a scene from the past. It was a small part of life as it existed now. Slowly I began to realize the real importance of this incline. It was not a carnival ride or an historical landmark, though it contained elements of both. It was for many the only direct link between life in the valley and life on the summit. People used it every day for working, shopping, and playing. History lives in the past, but this incline lived in the present. That night I wasn't riding on mere history. I was riding on a vital organ of the city.

Phil Heckman



# My Maine Idea    Stephen Jones

I love the city. Even though I lose my religion in the traffic, and my breath in the smog, and my money in the crowds, the city is my kind of place. I dream about the lights of Detroit when I'm looking across the Detroit River from Canada; and about the excitement of Los Angeles where things are always at a fever pitch; and about Boston with unique charisma, its charming personality.

I love the city for about so long, and then I've got to get away. I've got to hide from the traffic and the air and the people. I've got to get away from the city beauty and the city ugliness. Then I love Maine.

Too many people from the city wouldn't like Maine. The drivers are too slow, the cities are asleep by 6:30 p.m. (9:00 p.m. on Thursdays), and everybody just takes his sweet time about everything. Most of the Maine folk wouldn't like the city either, where they drive too fast, never get any sleep, and everything is rush, rush, rush. I'm in the middle; I see both sides; I love 'em both.

Maine is beautiful to me. If you visit Maine with me, I'll wear you out going from one place to another where I saw a fantastic sunset, or where the pines are so majestic, or where the water is so calm sometimes that the shoreline is a frame around the reflection of the mountains behind.

Maine has people--some honest All-American people. They work in the stores and factories, or live on sprawling farms, or own the gas-station/supermarket/post-offices in little towns and know everything that happens in their community. Maine has some bums too--guys that will work for you, steal your goods, and then ask for a raise in pay; ladies who'll scalp you when you buy real-estate from them; and people who are downright nasty to you.

Maine has mountains. They're not exactly Colorado Rockies, but they are mountains. They come in colored shades of green by the assorted pines, built on granite that peaks out like a balding head. Mountains to ski on, to cut lumber on, to just look at.

Maine has coastline. This is where people talk funny--either downeast or





or French Canadian. This is where the smell is bad but the scenery is great. This is where you slip on seaweed or get cut on the barnacles and then numb your feet in the 63-degree water. This is where the ocean water seems to boil on the rocks, sizzling and foaming.

Maine has in-between. White stretched-out farm houses, with Robert-Frost fences in the fields. Lakes and ponds where little ducks chase after their mother. Parks where the splash of a fountain cools the afternoon and mixes with the sounds of little kids.

I love Maine, and I love the city. I hope I'll always love them both. I'll be happy to yo-yo between them.

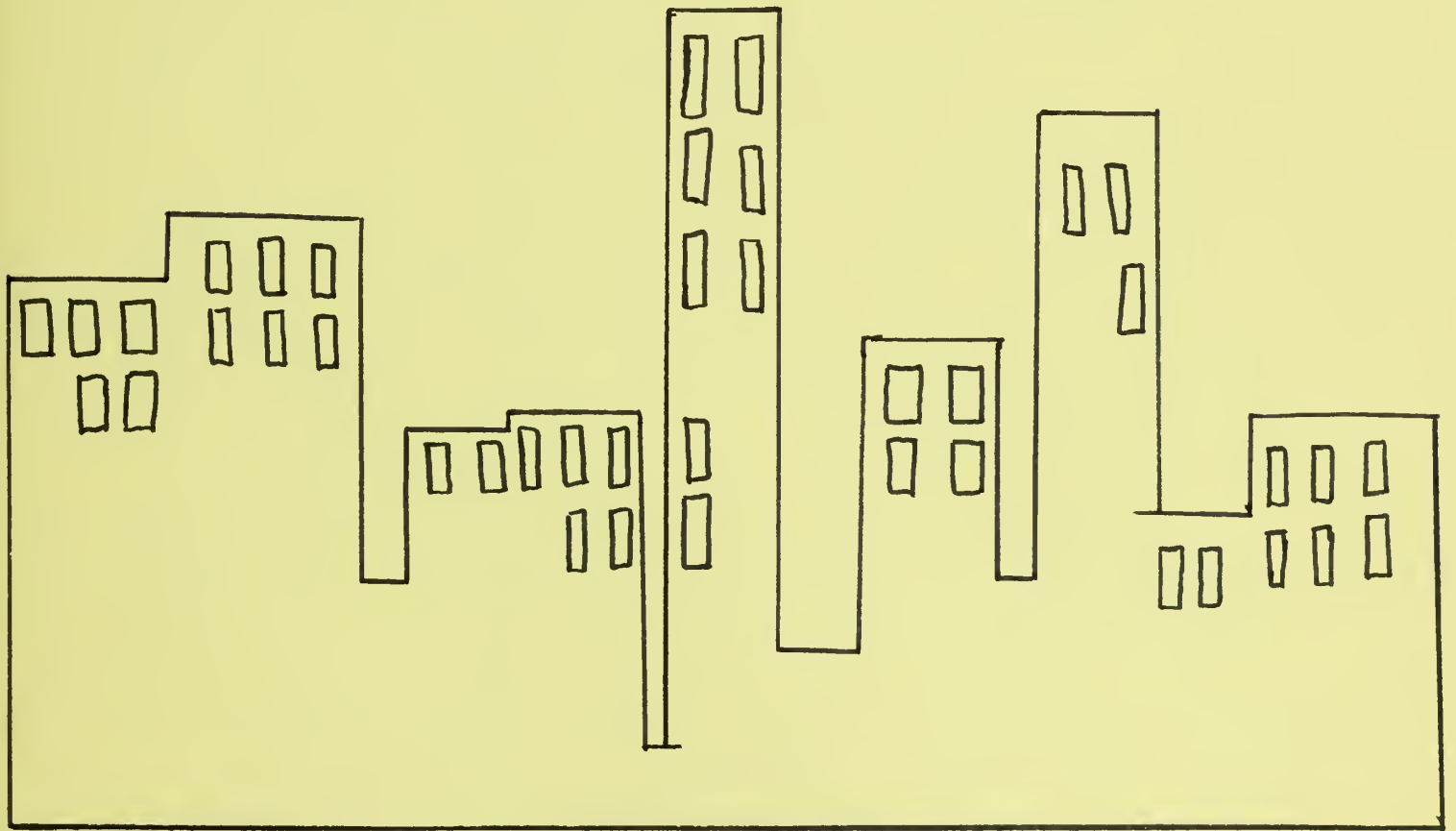






# MAN'S INTERACTIONS

with his  
IDEALS





# Ethics

Sam Stockwell

"Growing up" is certainly the most exciting experience of life. As I look back on my younger years I am constantly fascinated by the way that seemingly intricate problems have resolved themselves. Because of personal victory over these problems I can now state that I am an individual with an identity and that I am able to cope with life as I experience it. I do not claim to do this in my own power. Jesus Christ enables me to live a victorious life, guided continually by the ethical standards that He has helped me to formulate.

As most children do, I lived under the guidance and counsel of my parents until the time came for me to leave my home. It was then that I realized that my future would depend entirely on me. I would no longer have the security of taking my problems to my parents and I would no longer be able to attribute my ethical conduct to my parents' standards. It was time for me to formulate my own ideas and standards.

I will never forget the day that I said good-bye to my parents. The bell rang at Malawi international airport. It was time for me to say good-bye to my childhood and to face the world alone. It was time for me to board a mighty aircraft that would take me thousands of miles away, where I would attend college. My eyes filled with tears. My father wanted to pray but found it impossible to do so. Because the African minister with us was the only one who could talk, he prayed. I will never forget that prayer! Busa Mhanda prayed the God would keep me in the United States. He prayed that God would use me, and then he prayed that God would bring me back to Africa to win souls for Him.

The plane roared towards the setting sun. I could not speak. The lump in my throat was just too large. As I sat tightly strapped in my seat my mind kept on going over Mr. Mhanda's prayer. That prayer was and still is calling me to Africa. Little did I know what an impact that prayer would have on my life.



As I study and as I work here at Eastern Nazarene College I am constantly reminded of Mr. Mhanda's prayer. That prayer is the foundation of my future. That prayer has helped me to realized who I am and where I am going. That prayer seemed to formulate a standard of ethics for me which will enable me to live as I should and someday serve God in the place that He has called me to.

The basis of my ethical standards has its origin in the simple, yet profound word "Love". Around this reality I have been able to mold a complete framework of attitudes that enable me to interact with my fellow human beings in such a way that I can maintain the standards of Christ. The "Ten Commandments" have become a functional reality in my life.

Philip Wheelright in "The Meaning of Ethics," states that the only sthical standards are those built upon the "Ten Commandments:" I must agree with him, for in living this truth I am discovering new truths every-day and experiencing new joys every moment.







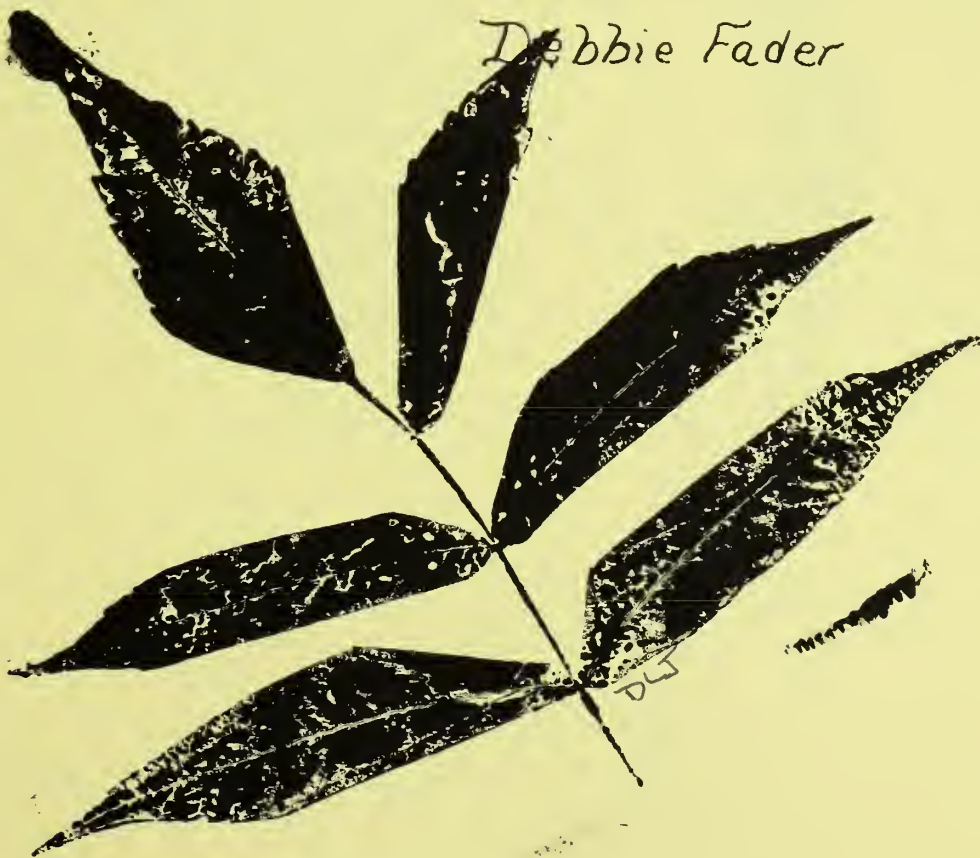
# Love's Expressions

Too often we take love and the expressions of love for granted. But if we allow ourselves to view love in just one of its many expressions, we can know more love. I have done this. I have found love in a baby's smile, in a simple prayer, and in the beauty of a rainbow.

One spring evening in mid-May, a gentle shower washed my backyard. The raindrops seemed to mist instead of falling, and everything they touched became encased in glistening dew. Every grass blade sparkled. In the west the clouds were parted, allowing the sun to touch strings of gold to treetops and housetops, and my heart. Just as I thought the beauty would end, a rainbow appeared, stretching its arching hues across my world and and me. Its vivid beauty was breath-taking and in its glory, the rainbow seemed to be declaring, "I am love."

Too soon the rainbow faded, but the message it had left in my heart still remained. I had seen an expression of love in the rarest of beauty. I felt God's love and a small reminder of the ecstasy men felt when God sent that other rainbow long ago to say, "I forgive."

Debbie Fader





# Love Is

Ken Fuller

Love is the essence of belief

in self, in others, in God.

Love is the power

of a cascading mountain stream.

Love is the magnitude

of a deep, blue sea.

Love is the sensation

of clean, cold snow.

Love is the beauty

of a hazy harvest moon.

Love is the obscurity

of a night-filled pine forest.

Love is the peace

of a quiet clover meadow.

Love is the apprehension

of midnight thunder and lightning.

Love is the splendor

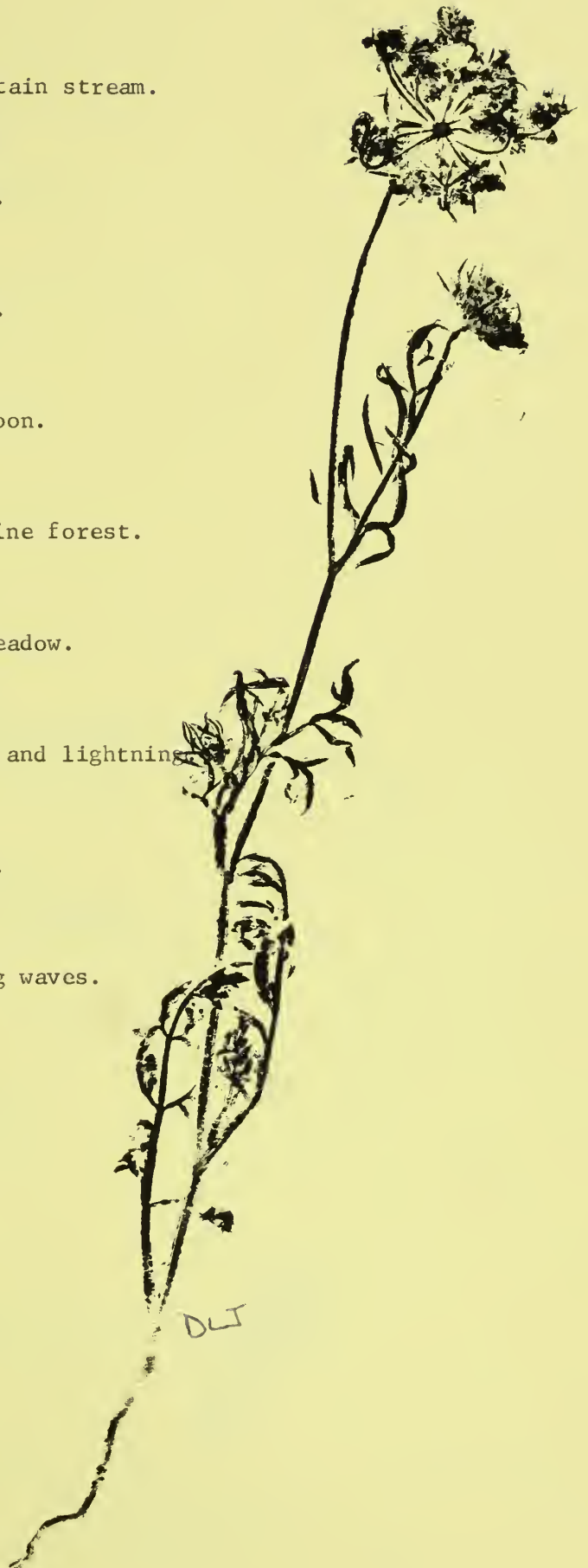
of an orange sunset.

Love is the thrill

of crashing, foaming waves.

Love is the wonder

of God Himself.





# The Funeral

Brynne Fritjofson

A grey cloud hangs over the home

A loved one has gone

They try to be brave and

smile as they fight back the tears

As they wander through the house and

memories descend in a never ceasing tide

It's time to go

Into the car they go, clutching each other in fear

The pastor speaks, comforting the ones

he has left behind

They go back to the house,

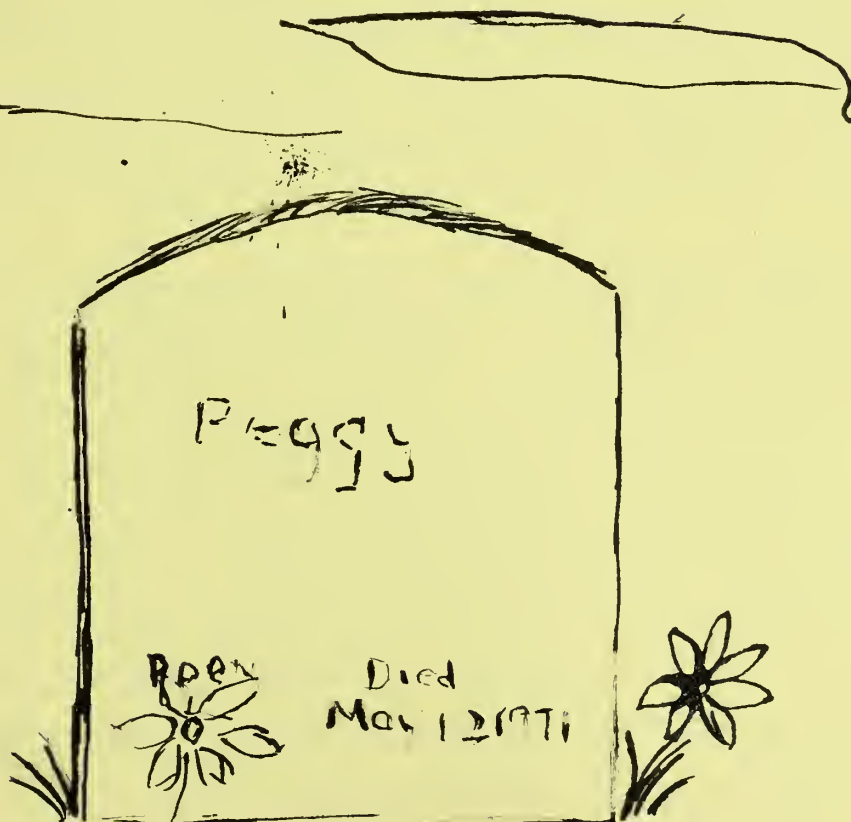
friends come, friends go

Tears are shed, memories shared

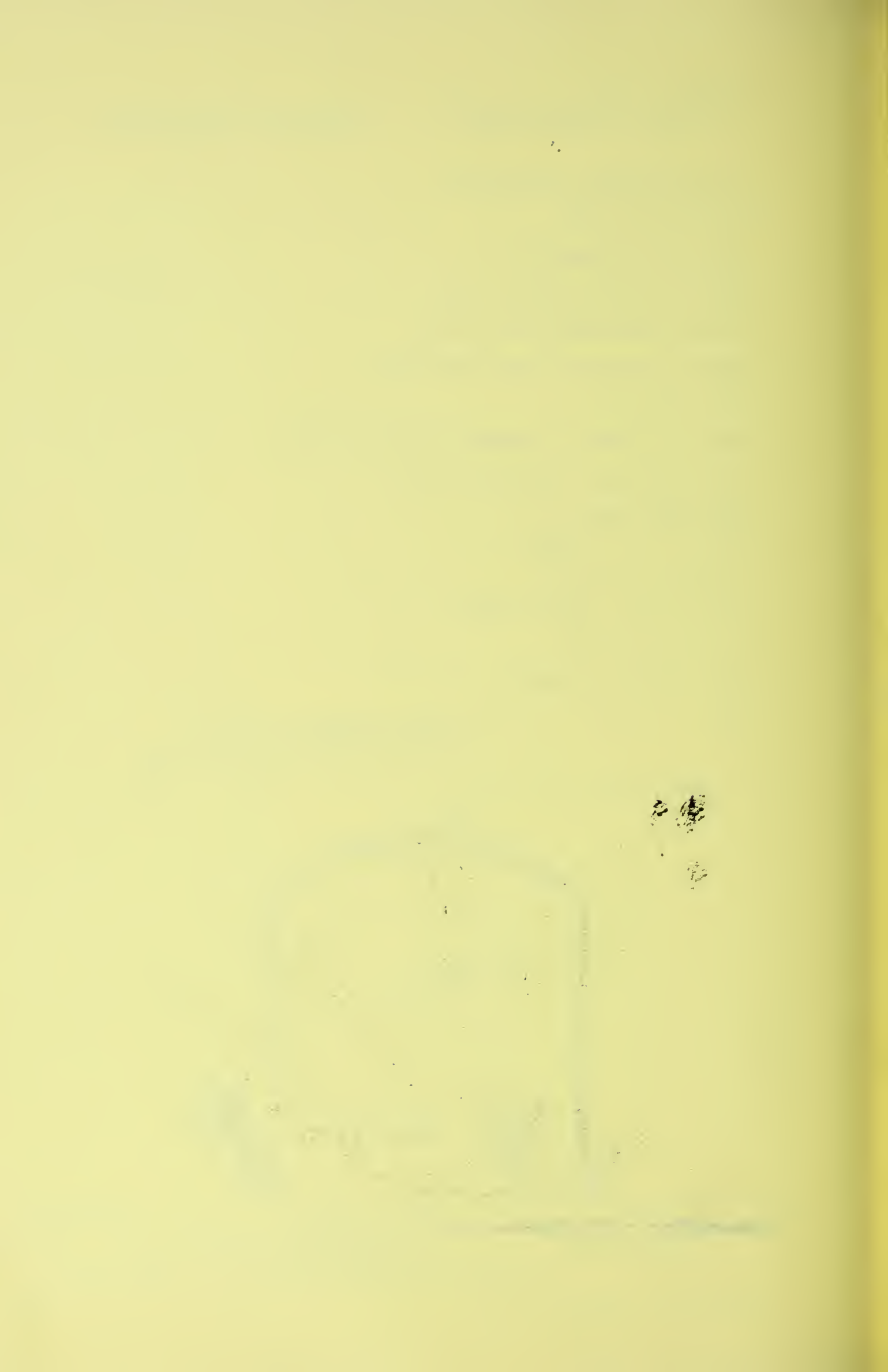
At the end of it all

They still have a question

Why?







# My Mother's Discipline

"But Mom, all the girls have shoulder-bags. If I can't have one I'll just die." These were my true feelings, as over-stated as they may seem.

Starting junior high school had given me the great sensation of being grown-up. One week before the opening day of school, my mother confronted me with the prospect of buying myself a purse to carry the many unneeded things that girls carry. At the time she mentioned it, the idea did not appeal to me at all. But after some thought on the subject, I decided that it might not be such a bad idea after all.

The purse I bought was a real bargain--only one dollar and genuine leather. As I walked down the hill to school, a couple of cars honked their early morning greetings. My new purse swung rhythmically on my arm and my new shoes clicked noisily on the pavement. It was a beautiful day. "Come on, Mary Anne, we can't be late." She gave my purse a disapproving glance and walked hurriedly at my side. She had on a new outfit, as did most of the girls on the first day of school. And on her shoulder hung a beautiful brown shoulder-bag.

With the ringing of the bell for class, my thoughts were centered on finding the right rooms for my classes. In English, a pretty girl with long, straight strawberry hair sat smiling. On the back of her chair hung...a black leather shoulder-bag.

No wonder my purse had been such a bargain. It was an ugly little rectangular sack with a handle made for swinging. I hated it. It was the wrong shape, the wrong size, the wrong style--the wrong everything!

Mom just didn't understand--I needed a new purse desperately. I begged and pleaded for over a week. There were even several hard crying spells. "I'll give up my lunch money if you'll just buy one for me." Nothing I proposed could change the firm, negative stand of my mother.

Some months later I was able to earn enough money to buy myself a handsome black shoulder-bag. I was proud of that purse. It lasted longer than even Mom had bargained for--I still have it--in memory.. The lesson I learned from that purse is one of the greatest lessons I have learned; if you desire something



enough, you must first have patience, and then have the initiative to work for it.

Since that black shoulder-bag, I have earned the right to shave my legs, wear make-up, and don earrings. But none of them came easily. And I hope Mom is a little easier on my three younger sisters--but not much.

*Jacqueline Fuller*





# Half-open, Estelle Osterhout

Well, here I stand again today,  
the door half-open, sunshine  
tumbling into pools of warmth  
upon the floor.

I feel the warmth and see the light,  
and though my heart is starved for both,  
I fear believing that they're  
not imposters.

You see, I've dreamed before of light  
and warmth. I've opened doors, but my  
unbuttoned heart was left to starve,  
for they weren't there.

You know, for someday I would like  
a dream to hang my heart upon,  
and not a phantom that will vanish  
when I touch it.

Not a thing that's bright on outside,  
empty, hollow, dark on inside,  
that echoes my distorted dreams  
when knocked upon.

So walk with me awhile and talk,  
but not of light and warmth and such  
unless you're sure that they're really,  
really there.









# Greenbook Chapel





# Freshman Superlatives:

## MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Steve Jones

Becky Kitchen

## MOST LOVABLE

Bill Allshouse

Lynn Bridges

## MOST ATTRACTIVE

Dan Willis

Debbie Fader

## MOST SCHOOL-SPIRITED

Doug Clem

Vicki Lalone

## MOST OUTGOING

Howard Googins

Nadine Pfautz

## MOST TALENTED

Curt Shetler

Joanne Gilbert

## MOST POPULAR

Bill Whitman

Denise Smith

## MOST CREATIVE

Tim Hughes

Kaarina Ham

## MOST UNDERSTANDING

Brian Shane

Donna Marcin

## MOST INTELLECTUAL

Mark Williams

Jackie Fuller

## MOST ATHLETIC

Clarke Adams

Kathy Miller





MOST FRIENDLY

Doug Clem

Phyllis Bailey

BEST-DRESSED

Gordon Forward

Miriam Wilfong

BEST ALL-AROUND

Rod Sanford

Marlene Olsen

BEST SMILE

Dave Cramer

Bonnie Warr





# Freshmen 1971

Clarke Adams

Daniel Adams

Bette Allen

William Allshouse

Roy Craig Andrews

Ruth Andrews

Arlene Arroyo

Glenn Arsenault

Michael Arth

Charlotte Ashurst

Connie Austin

Carolyn Babcock

Jane Kay Bablo

Suzanne Badoud

Michelle Bailey

Phyllis Bailey

Robert Bailey

Jack Baker

Nancy Balentine

Denise Banham

Deborah Barber

Susan Barker

Robert Barra

Paul Baumgartner

Audrey Bell

Ronald Bennett

Kenneth Bettencourt

Barry Beverage

Albert Bione

Gerald Bohall



Patricia Bown

Patrick Bown

Lynn Bridges

Donna Brown

Karen Brown

Ronald Brown

Beverly Buker

Linda Buss

Joseph Calitri

James A. Cameron

Lois Campbell

Elden Carnahan

Rebecca Carroll

Kay Carter

Lewann Carter

Glee Carvell

Bertha Catlett

Harold Chapell

Michelle Chase

Rebecca Chatto

Douglas Clem

David Codispoti

Melody Cole

Gail Collins

Ian Collins

Evangeline Comrie

Martha Cox

David Cramer

Judith Cresswell

Susan Crites

Jacqueline Crowther

Anne-Marie Cucchiara

Kenneth Dale

David Darsch



Deborah Davis  
Donna Davis  
Paul Day  
Lois Dean  
Marsha Deware  
Diana Dezotell  
Paul DiTocco  
Karen DuBois  
Steven Ducharme  
Mary Duffy  
Kathleen Duke  
Laurence Duncan  
Darlene Dupree  
Alan Eddy  
Patti Emery  
Carla Errichiello  
Frank Errington  
Rodney Ester  
Deborah Fader  
Daniel Fallon  
Kaleen Foote  
Gordon Forward  
Victoria Fosbrink  
Denise Fox  
David Frank  
Laura Frank  
Brynne Fritjofson  
Jacqueline Fuller  
Kenneth Fuller  
Julie Gaides  
Abraham Gamboa  
Lester Gammon  
Andres Garcia Rivera





Deborah Gardner  
Janice Garrett  
Debra Gibson  
Roslyn Gibson  
JoAnn Gilbert  
Melvin Gleason  
Warren Goodwin  
Kathleen Goodworth  
Howard Googins  
Geren Gordon  
Richard Grant  
Britt Gray  
Thomas Gunsalus  
Georgia Haight  
Ronald Hall  
Kaarina Ham  
Sandra Hamaker  
John Hamm  
Susan Hannigan  
Darlene Harris  
Daniel Haselton  
Sheila Hastings  
Cheryl Hathaway  
Rebecca Hatt  
Douglas Haugh  
Barbara Haylett  
Linda Haylett  
Brian Healy  
Philip Heckman  
Joyce Hedberg  
Eben Hedman  
Keith Hemmings  
Charlotte Hepler



Arnold Herrick  
Ethel Herrick  
Cheryl Hersey  
Paul Hess  
Dawn Hillstrom  
Patricia Hilton  
Richard Hock  
Elaine Homer  
Harry Horner  
Mark Houston  
Arthur Hughes  
Timothy Highes  
Gilbert Hunter  
Beverly Jackson  
Clarence Jacobs  
Catherine Johnson  
Donna Johnson  
Richard Johnson  
Ronald Johnson  
Gregory Jones  
Stephen Jones  
Marsha Jordan  
Kam-Wan Kan  
Kay Keefer  
Jeanette Kegler  
Alice Keller  
Rebecca Kidder  
Betty Kinder  
Jacqueline King  
Rebecca Kitchen  
Zoe Knox  
Daniel Krumm  
John Krumm  
Kathy Kuvaja



Vicki LaLone  
Melinda Littlefield  
Kathleen Lovering  
Robert Ludwig  
Patricia Lydard  
Elwin MacEwan  
David MacLeod  
Lucille Maki  
Donna Marcin  
Loida Martinez  
Maureen Martinez  
Avis McAuley  
Kenneth McCabe  
Mark McInturff  
John Megill  
Nancy Meszares  
Alice Miller  
Katherine Miller  
Karen Mitchell  
Rebecca Mitchell  
Marilyn Monto  
Helen Moody  
Donna Morris  
Marlene Olsen  
John Orndorff  
Estelle Osterhout  
Randall Parker  
Susan Parker  
Rosalynn Patterson  
William Perch  
Michael Perry  
Steven Peterson  
Susan Peterson





Nadine Pfautz  
Deborah Pillsbury  
Janet Charleen Polan  
Gail Poole  
John Prance  
Lenona Presher  
Scott Pulkinnen  
JoAnne Reed  
Milton Reed  
Emery Reed  
David Ringius  
Karen Roberts  
Doris Rose  
Laurel Rose  
Cheryl Sammarco  
Rodney Sanford  
Diane Schaeffer  
Karen Seager  
Steven Shamitko  
Brian Shane  
Curtis Shetler  
Jerry Shotts  
Yvonne Shumway  
Frank Sickel  
David Simpson  
Denise Smith  
Paul Smith  
Shelley Smith  
Stephen A. Smith  
Stephen Sorensen  
Terry Sowden  
James Squarey  
Elaine Stahl



Pamela Stanton  
Donald Starr  
B. Keith Stewart  
Deborah Stockwell  
Samuel Stockwell  
Paul Sullivan  
Ruth Susen  
Sandra Susice  
Keith Swain  
Roberta Sweetser  
Richard Tanco  
Mary Taylor  
Emily Teasdale  
Becky Thatcher  
David Thompson  
Stephen Thompson  
Ronald Thorns  
Robert Tisdale  
Linda Toms  
Emily Turkington  
Seth Turner  
Rhonda Turpel  
Judith Van Schyndel  
Ann Vaughn  
Deborah Viar  
James Waltenberger  
Bonnie Warr  
Christopher Weir  
Kathy Weller  
Carol Wells  
Michael Wheeler  
Jossie White  
Lynette Whitehead  
William Whitman



Miriam Wilfong

Mark Williams

Roderick Williams

Daniel Willis

Paul Willis

Lawrence Willoughby

Ann Wolf

Sharon Wright

Laurie Yeo

Stephen Yerdon

William Young





















